Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1837. VOL. VII. No. 6.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

During the past week several parcels of back numbers have been forwarded to subscribers. We have a variety of *odd* numbers on hand, that will be cheerfully addressed to any part of the Union, free of expense, if gentlemen will apprize us of those necessary to complete the integrity of their volumes.

The letter and remittance of E. and C. has been received.

The places of standing, terms, etc of several stallions omitted in our recent Alphabetical List, will appear next week, though in several instances their owners don't deserve it for not having apprized us at the proper season.

The Table of AMERICAN WINNING HORSES at *Two* mile heats, in 1836, next week. The Winners at *Mile* heats will immediately follow, upon the English plan.

CONTENTS OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

The *First* number of the new volume, published on the 18th February, 1837, contained an *Alphabetical List of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, FOUR MILE HEATS,, during the year 1836—Reports of Races—Matches—On Dits in Sporting Circles—Essays on Blood Stock—Pedigrees, etc., and a great variety of *Sporting Intelligence*, with—A Letter from MR. FORREST, the American Tragedian—A Confidential Letter from the Girls Up Town, etc. etc.

The *Second* number (25th Feb.) contained the Alphabetical List of *American Winning Horses*, THREE *Mile Heats*, with a great variety of Sporting, Theatrical, and Miscellaneous Intelligence.

The *Third* number (4th March) contained the Pedigrees, Characteristics, and Performances of "the cracks of the day," including *John Bascombe*, *Post Boy*, *Mingo*, *Rodolph*, and *Linnet*, with the usual variety of other reading matter.

The *Fourth* number (11th March) contains a complete *Alphabetical List of Stallions* for 1837—(consisting of 123 of the most distinguished)—with several communications from Breeders and Turfmen in different sections of the country, and other original articles.

The *Fifth* number (18th March) contained a *Complete List of English Winning Horses* of 1836, at all distances, being the only one published in America.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, March 25—DER FREISCHUTZ—Linda, Madame Otto, first time. CATHERINE AND PETRUCHIO—Catherine, Miss Wheatley. MY HUSBAND'S GHOST.

MONDAY, March 27—Last night but one of Mr. Power's engagement—O'FLANNAGAN AND THE FAIRIES.

TUESDAY, March 28.—Last night of Mr. Power's Engagement—O'FLANNAGAN AND THE FAIRIES.

WEDNESDAY, March 29.—Mr. POWER'S BENEFIT.

THURSDAY, March 30.—First Night of Miss Tree's engagement. ION—Ion, Miss TREE.

FRIDAY, March 31.—Second night of Miss Tree's engagement.—THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER—Mariana, Miss Tree.

Boxes $1, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 6½—Performances to commence at 7.

NATIONAL THEATRE—A CARD.

THIS EVENING, Saturday, March 25.—JONATHAN IN ENGLAND—Solomon Swop, (with the story of the Fox Skin,) Mr. HACKETT.

MONDAY.—MONS. MALLET—The KENTUCKIAN—CINDERELLA—MILITIA TRAINING.

TUESDAY.—RIP VAN WINKLE—JOB FOX—FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA, and MONS. MALLET.

WEDNESDAY—The Manager has much pleasure in announcing to the public that he has made arrangements with Mr. Cooke, the Equestrian, for his entire company, to produce at this theatre on Wednesday next, under the direction of Mr. Woolford, a magnificent and unequalled Legend of Splendor, called

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON;
Or The SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM;

as originally produced at Drury Lane, London, and now presented with improved effect, entire new scenery, dresses, properties, ballets and dierama.

The success in London, for several seasons, of this Grand Dramatic Spectacle, has induced the manager to spare no expense in its production.

CHARACTERS.

St. George of England, Mr. Woolford; St. Dennis of France, E. Woolford; St. Patrick of Hibernia, Wallack, jr.; St. James of Spain, Cooke, jr.; St. Anthony of Italy, H. Cooke; St. David of Wales, Mr. Cole; St. Andrew of Scotland, W. Cooke; Sycorax, (a fiend,) Wells; Tom of Coventry, Mitchell; The Dragon, Mr. Needham, (as performed by him at Drury Lane theatre); Ptolemy, King of Egypt, Thorne; Almador, King of Morocco, Taylor; Major, (High Priest,) Corey; Sardam, (an old herdsman,) Blaike; Lamphos, (herdsman of the Nile,) Percival; Melchis, (a herdsman,) Gilbert; Kalayba, (the Enchantress,) Mrs. Thorne; Dame Durden, Mrs. Jefferson; Kate of Coventry, (her niece,) Mrs. Flynn; Princess Sabra, Mrs. Ingersoll; Letha, (Sardam's daughter,) Mrs. Conduit.

THURSDAY.—2d night of ST. GEORGE and the DRAGON.

FRIDAY.—3d night of ST. GEORGE and the DRAGON.

Prices of admission—Boxes, $1. Pit, 50 cents; Gallery, 37½ cents.

AMERICAN THEATRE--BOWERY.

MAZEPPA AGAINST THE WORLD!!

PUBLIC NOTICE.—The Manager of the American Theatre, Bowery, begs leave to announce, that in consequence of his having effected an entire new arrangement in his company, he is enabled to present to the patrons of this popular and fashionable establishment, in a style of magnificence heretofore unparalleled, the

AMERICAN MAZEPPA!!!

To embellish which, neither patience or perseverance, time or money has been spared, and in which the following celebrated artists will appear:

1st night of Zarnotowski, Scarzinowski, Hortenski, the three celebrated Muscovian Brother Gladiators, engaged expressly for this piece, who will perform the *Remarkable Cossack Danse; Combats of Three; Gladiatorial Wrestlings.*

1st night of Messrs. Coney and Blanchard, who will appear in their terrific and strange *Combat un'o Death*, and also *Fiend Fight.*

1st night of Mr. Edwin the Vocalist, who appears as *Count Fremislaus*, and sings many favorite Songs.

1st night of Mr. William Sefton as Mazeppa, whose great melo dramatic powers are so well calculated to display the part, and who will ride the horse *without any double*, a thing never before attempted even by a professed equestrian; the part of Olinska, as before, by Miss Waring.

A Stud of American Horses, selected, drilled, caparisoned and rode by people belonging to the theatre; the horse Mazeppa being the one originally in the part, and belonging to Thomas S. Hamblin. The celebrated *Pas de Trois*, by Miss Kerr, Miss Hancker, and Miss Yates. Tremendous Combat of Eight! Triumphal Car drawn by Six Horses—charioteer, Mr. Howes. Lilliputian Dance by Six Infants. Grand Tournament. Which will combine every attraction that processions, chorusses, combats, scenery and decorations can give; the whole to be so conducted that the manager of the American Theatre may receive the public vote pronouncing the American Mazeppa superior to anything yet done. For further particulars see bills of the day.

☞ MAZEPPA will be repeated THIS, and EVERY EVENING of next week, except Monday, when will be repeated the tragedy of FAZIO, with other entertainments.

Bianca, (her 2d appearance)..... Mrs. G. JONES.
Fazio..... Mr. G. JONES.

Doors open at 6 o'clock—curtain rises at 7. Boxes 75 cts; Pit, 37½ cts; Gallery, 25 cts.

FRANKLIN THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, March 25—30th night of the
GOLDEN FARMER.

Jemmy Twitcher..... J. SEFTON.

Mr. Welden—Lezerdemain. And the Nautical Drama of
KOEUBA; or THE PIRATE BRIDE.

MONDAY, March 27—Shakspeare's Tragedy of
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Juliet..... Miss FRANCIS ANN EMERY.
Romeo..... Mr. JUDAH.
Mercutio..... Mr. HOWARD.

Doors open at 6 o'clock; performance commence at 7. Boxes 50 cts.; Pit 25 cts.

Three Mile Table.—The only errors that have been pointed out consist in our not having given credit to Mr. ISAAC H. OLIVER for running *Eliza Clay* and *Morris*, when winners, instead of Dr. Geo. Goodwyn and Capt. Y. N. Oliver, though in the races referred to, Dr. Goodwyn entered Eliza Clay, and Capt. Oliver entered Morris, as Mr. Isaac H. Oliver will see on referring to the reports of the races. The caption of the column in the Table wherein these errors occur is in the words following:—"*Owned or entered by*," and as we were not aware of Mr. Oliver's being the owner of Eliza Clay and Morris, we placed them in our Table of Winning Horses as having been "owned or entered by" Dr. G. and Capt. O. We hope Eliza and Morris will place themselves well the coming season, so that we may have it in our power to do the same for their owner.

FACTS.—An Irish girl, employed in a family at Charlestown, was speaking of her brother in Ireland.—Being asked how old he was, she replied, "Why, let me see, if he were here now, he would be twenty-five years old next January."—A person desirous of buying some milk, said that he had seen a cow go into Mr. G 's yard, and inquired of the above Irish girl if he would not be likely to get some milk there? "No, sir," answered she; "there is a cow that goes up their yard, but I believe she is no relation to them." Detroit Spectator.

The *St. Francisville*, (*La.*) *Jockey Club Races*, will come off on the third Wednesday, 19th April, with the following Purses.

FIRST DAY, Two mile heats..... Purse $500 ..... Ent. $50
SECOND DAY, Three mile heats, Purse $700 ..... Ent. $75
THIRD DAY, Four mile heats... Purse 1000 ..... Ent. 100
FOURTH DAY—best 3 in 5, Mile heats, for the entrance money of the preceding days, and $200 added by the Club. On the three first days there will be an inside stake of $300, between THOS. J. WELLS and FRANCIS ROUTH, Esqs.

NEW YORK AMATEUR BOAT CLUB ASSOCIATION.

Great preparations are going on at Castle Garden among the Boat Clubs of the Association, as they will soon take the field (*i. e.* water). Several new boats have been launched, and others are in the hands of the builders and painters. We believe the Association is now composed of the following Clubs:—*Wave*, *Ariel*, *Wakona*, *Halcyon*, *Neptune* and *Nassau*, six oared boats; *Minerva* and *Gleam*, four oared.

The *Dolphin* Club have disposed of their boat to a club residing in the upper wards, and she will hereafter bear the name of *Erie*. The *Eagle* Club sold their boat last fall, and the *Atlantic* has been purchased by some young gentlemen about town, and will in future be called the *Amity*. There is an *on dit* that these three clubs intend to combine and have a boat built 37 feet long; they can make a most excellent selection, and should they do so, we may expect fast work for some of the other clubs.

The *Wave* is a new boat, built this season by Crolius, of this city. She is a very good model, and rather differently constructed from most of the other boats. The *Ariel* Club have the same boat as last season, and with such a bang up crew, ought to make her "walk the water like a thing of life," as she is a perfect model, and very fast. The *Wakona* is another very handsome modelled boat; she was also built last season, and has seen little service; her crew is tip top, and each man knows how to handle the oar. The *Halcyon* Club have sold the boat in the Regatta last season, and are to have one of a different model. This Club keep their boat up at Greenwich-village, therefore we have little opportunity of seeing what sort of oarsmen they are. The *Nassau* is a new boat, housed in Brooklyn; she was built a short time since by the Seamans, of Jersey City. From what we can hear, she is likely to be among the fast ones. The *Neptune* Club we do not hear much of, nor can we learn whether they intend to have their boat put in order. The Minerva and Gleam are to be forthwith put into the hands of the painter, and will take their places in the line at the proper season.

This season we may expect some good races; at all events, no other city can boast of having such boats, nor better men to row them.

The up-town clubs have not been idle we hear. They have some capital boats. The *Sylph* Club have a very fine boat built by the Delamontagnie's of this city, and Crolius has just finished another 38 foot boat, to be kept at Burnham's, Bloomingdale. Francis is also busy finishing a 36 foot boat, to be located in the village. In fact the prospect on all sides is most enlivening for lovers of boat-rowing, and we take our leave of the subject with the assurance that our city readers will join with us in the expression of sincere good wishes for the prosperity of our City Boat Club Association.

Things Theatrical.

Park Theatre.—The business has been capital throughout the week. Every body likes Power, whose good opinion would flatter him, and people go to see him night after night, and enjoy his inimitable acting and the humor of his pieces, not the less from the repetition. After Power we are to have ELLEN TREE, who seems to have excited a wonderful sensation in the Athenian city, and then—is it AUGUSTA that we are to have *then*, Mr. SIMPSON?

Bowery.—The great event of the week at this house, has been the *debut* of Mrs. GEORGE JONES, a native of this city, who seems destined to draw as fine houses as those erected by her father, a highly respectable builder. The accomplishments and histrionic abilities of this lady have been alluded to before in this paper, in high terms. But our warmest encomiums were insufficient to do justice to the grace, the dignity, and the interest with which she invested the character of *Bianca* on Wednesday evening. Her reception was brilliant, and the 1st act over, she seemed to have recovered from the embarrassment attending a first appearance, and to the fall of the curtain upon the last act, she went on gathering renewed confidence and greater applause in every succeeding scene. The most sanguine anticipations of her friends were realized, and when, in answer to a general call, her husband led her forward, and in grateful terms acknowledged the kindness of the audience, the whole house rose and signalized their sense of her extraordinary attainments by three enthusiastic cheers. The tragedy is to be repeated next Monday evening; in our next impression we shall be enabled to speak more at length of her varied acquirements, and in the meantime congratulate herself and friends upon her eminent success.

Mazeppa, with a new cast, a different stud of horses, and additional *everything*, was produced on Thursday, and will be represented every evening (save Monday) next week.

National.—HACKETT is carrying on the war with game spirit, though somewhat at sixes and sevens relative to a stock company. Next week we are to have the grand spectacle of *St. George and the Dragon*, in which Mr. Cooke's Equestrian Troupe and splendid horses appear.

Franklin.—The great little JOHN SEFTON is doing the trick here, by attending steadily to his professional duties, and thereby becoming nightly a greater favorite with the frequenters of this theatre. John is undoubtedly the Liston of Gotham, the great gun of the Franklin, and the Jemmy Twitcher of the universal Yankee nation. Dinneford made money enough out of the Franklin to build the Bowery; that done, he is now turning his attention to new enterprises, being in treaty for the theatres at Charleston and Savannah.

"*Broadway Theatre.*"—Willard, of the National, has disposed of his interest in the new theatre proposed on Broadway, to Messrs. FLYNN & STEVENS, and the project of erecting a splendid one between the store of Messrs. Sackett & Branch and that of Dr. Chabert, on Broadway, between Pearl and Anthony, will be carried into effect forthwith.—Mr. ABBOTT will be the stage-manager, and arrangements are in progress to procure the services of a first rate company. The managers express their determination of opening next September with Mr. and Mrs. WOOD!

Mrs. GIBBS is playing a very successful engagement at the Chesnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia.

CELESTE is drawing as usual in New Orleans. The *Picayune* of the 8th says—

At the conclusion of the dance ("La Sylphide,") last evening, at the St. Charles, Celeste was enthusiastically called out. She appeared much exhausted with her efforts, and addressed the house, as nearly as we can recollect, in the following words:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I hopes you excuse me—I throw myself at your generosity—de fatigue of de journey so great, I find it impossible to repeat de dance—I hopes you excuse me—to-morrow evenings I shall have de pleasure to see you again."

MOBILE THEATRICALS.

Extract from a letter from a friend in Mobile, dated March 13.

"You ask me to give you the theatrical news. My dear sir, you could not have applied to one less informed that way, for I have not visited the theatre but six times the present season, finding as much as I can do to meet my notes and bills, without taking *note* of what is passing in the theatrical world, or looking at a *bill* of the play. My fellow-lodger, C———, however, has a season ticket, and knows all about the business. He says the house is filled every night, the managers having kept up a continual succession of novelty, perfectly irresistable. The company is decidedly a good one, the following forming the front rank: Ludlow, Smith, De Camp, J. Field, Anderson, T. Placide, M. Field, Miss Riddle, Mrs. Smith, Miss Petrie, and Mrs. Salsman. The orchestra consists of fourteen musicians, led by Mr. Myers, from your city. The *stars* have been Mrs. Drake, Mr. Balls, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Pritchard, Mr. Wallack, the Keelys, Master Burke and Mr. Finn. Then came CINDERELLA; I went to see it four times—(it was performed six, and to an average nightly receipt of Nine Hundred Dollars!) You will laugh when I tell you the scenery was better than that I saw at the Park when you took me to see and hear Mrs. Wood: but I do say it, and others agree with me. The Opera "went off" admirably; Mr. Larkin played the Prince, Field, Dandini—De Camp, the Baron, Miss Petrie, Cinderella, and Tom Placide, Pedro—(the same as at the Park). Altogether, the piece gave great satisfaction, and produced great receipts. The Barnes', Celeste, Miss Meadows, Mr. A. Adams and others, are to perform yet, so report says.

You know De Camp, don't you? He has located himself in this vicinity, having taken a farm about two miles from town, where he keeps twenty or thirty cows, selling their milk at a dollar a gallon. He may be seen early every morning, with a summer coat on and a coffee bag pinned over his shoulders, like a lady's shawl, retailing milk in the market house. He is a singular genius.

I see by an advertisement, (you should copy it, for it is a perfect curiosity), that a "Theatre and garden is" being built on Goverment street, by J. & L. Ferry, who "takes" the opportunity to announce that it will open immediately, *if not sooner*, with a good company, which "they hope" to engage. The proprietors of this affair are represented as industrious, good carpenters, but without any experience in managing a theatre—hence the result of their speculation cannot be doubtful. It is not one out of ten thousand, I should think, who is calculated to manage a theatre successfully. The history of the present managers (your friends Ludlow and Smith,) is one of trouble, toil and vicissitudes.—Their success now is but the reward of long and enduring hardships. They are nobly sustained by the community, of which they are respected members, and by their unobtrusive manners, a strictly correct conduct in all their dealings, elicit the good will of all. An instance of this good will occurred a week or two ago. Mrs. Keely, after receiving a large sum from the theatre treasury, advertised a Concert. Considerable disapprobation was manifested by the people, notwithstanding Mrs. K. was a great favorite. Mr. Keely returning from New Orleans, he immediately made the *amende honorable* to the theatre, by offering his services and those of his wife for Finn's benefit, and there was a *Finn-ish* to that business.

Young Burke played to crowded houses here, (I did not go to see him), and has departed for New Orleans, where, "when a boy," he was a great favorite.

So much for theatricals. Now, my dear P. don't ask me about them again; any thing else—the price of cotton, the rates of exchange—even the results of races I could give you with some correctness—but theatricals—excuse me.—Adieu. Yours, &c., *****

Miss CLITON arrived at New Orleans in the packet ship Harkaway on the 13th inst.

Mr. CALDWELL, manager of the St. Charles theatre, New Orleans, is in treaty with Gov. Tacon for lighting the city of Havanna with gas.

A bill passed the Louisiana Legislature, incorporating the new American Theatre Company. RUSSELL is at the head of this enterprize.

LETTER FROM MR. JORROCKS TO NIMROD.

DESCRIBING HIS TRIP TO BRIGHTON WITH SIR VINCENT COTTON, AND HIS ADVENTURES THERE.

DEAR EDITOR—The enclosed is from Mr. Jorrocks; and thinking it may be interesting to some of your readers, I forward it to you with the stipulation that if published, you adhere to the gentleman's own orthography, as he is rather fastidious, and quarelled with the late Editor* for altering the spelling of some of his articles. You had better, therefore, give it verbatim, even to the "Parmesan candles and spermaciti cheese." Your's obediently, NIMROD.

Calais, Jan. 16, 1837.

Dear Nimrod—In the last number of that pleasant periodical, the N. S. M., you favoured myself, and the sporting world at large, with a werry rich high flavoured account of the great Captain Barclay, and his extonishing coach, the "Defiance;" and being werry grateful to you for that and all other favours, past, present, and to come, I take up my grey goose quill to make it "obedient to my will," as Mr. Pope, the poet, says, in relating a werry gratifying ride I had on the celebrated Brighton Age, along with Sir Wincent Cotton, Bart., and a few other swells. Being, as you knows, of rather an emigrating disposition, and objecting to make a nick-stick of my life by marking down each Chrismasday over roast beef and plumb pudding, cheek-by-jowl with Mrs. J. at home, I said unto my lad Benjamin—and there's not a bigger rogue unhung—"Benjamin, be after looking out my Sunday clothes, and run down to the Regent Circus, and book me the box seat of the Age, for I'm blow'd if I'm not going to see the King at Brighton (or "London sur Mary," as James Green calls it); and tell the pig-eyed book-keeper it's for Mr. Jorrocks, and you'll be sure to get it.

Accordingly, next day, I put up my appearance at the Circus, dressed in my best blue Saxony coat, with metal buttons, yellow waistcoat, tights, and best hessians, with a fine new castor on my head, and a carnation in my button-hole. Lots of chaps came dropping in to go, and every one wanted the box seat.—"Can I have the box?" said one.—"No, sir; Mr. Jorrocks has it." "Is the box-seat engaged?" asked another.—"Yes, sir, Mr. Jorrocks has taken it."—"Book me the box," said a third, with great dignity.—"It's engaged already." "Who by?"—"Mr. Jorrocks;" and so they went on to the tune of near a dozen. Presently a rattling of pole-chains was heard, and a cry was raised of "Here's Sir Wincent!" I looks out, and saw a werry neat, dark, chocolate-coloured coach, with narrow red striped wheels, and a crest, either a Heagle or a Unicorn (I forgets which), on the door, and just the proprietors' names below the winder, and "The Age," in large gilt letters, below the gammon board, drawn by four blood-like switch-tailed nags, in beautiful highly polished harness with brass furniture, without bearing reins—driven by a swellish-looking young chap, in a long backed, rough, claret-colored benjamin, with fancy-coloured tyes, and a bunch of flowers in his button hole—no coachman or man of fashion, as you knows, being complete without the flower. There was nothing gammonacious about the turn out; all werry neat and 'andsome, but as plain as plain could be; and there was not even a bit of Christmas at the orses' ears, which I observed all the other coaches had. Well, down came Sir Wincent, off went his hat, out came the way-bill, and off he ran into the office to see what they had for him. "Here, coachman," said a linen-draper's "elegant extract," waiting outside, "youv've to deliver this (giving him a parcel) in the Marine Parade the *instant* you get to Brighton. It's Miss ———'s bustle, and she'll be waiting for it to put on to go out to dinner, so you musn't lose *a moment*, and

* Lord Albert Conyngham is the present editor of the New Sporting Magazine, the duties of which he assumed the 1st of Jan. last.—*Ed. Spirit of the Times.*

you may charge what you like for your trouble." "Werry well," says Sir Wincent, laughing, "I'll take care of her bustle. Now, book-keeper, be awake! Three insides here, and six out. Pray sir," touching his hat to me, "are you booked here?—Oh, Mr. Jorrocks, I see.—I begs your pardon.—Jump up then; be lively!—What luggage have you?" "Two carpet bags, with J. J., Great Coram Street upon them." "There, then, we'll put them in the front boot, and you'll have them under you. All right behind? Sit tight!" Hist! off we go by St. Martin's church into the Strand, to the booking office there.

The streets were werry full, but Sir Wincent wormed his way among the coal-waggons, wans, busses, coaches, bottom-over-tops,—in vulgar French, "cow sur tate" as they call the new patent busses—trucks, cabs, &c. in a marvellous workman-like manner, which seemed the more masterly, inasmuch as the leaders, having their heads at liberty, poked them about in all directions, all a mode Francey, just as they do in Paris. At the Marsh Gate we were stopped. A black job was going through one side, and a hawbuck had drawn a great yellow one oss Gravesend cruelty wan into the other, and was fumbling for his coin.

"Now, *Young Omnibus!*" cried Sir Wincent, "don't be standing there all day." The man cut into his nag, but the brute was about beat. "There! don't 'it him so 'ard," (hard) said Sir Wincent, "or you may hurt him!"

When we got near the Helephant and Castle, Timothy Odgkinson, of Brixton-hill, a low, underselling grocer, got his meazley errand cart, with his name and address, in great staring white letters, just in advance of the leaders, and kept dodging across the road to get the sound ground, for the whole line was werry "woolley," as you calls it. "Come Mister independent grocer! go faster if you can," cries Sir Wincent, "though I think you have bought your horse where you buy your tea, for he's werry *sloe*." A little bit farther on a chap was shoving away at a truck full of market baskets. "Now, *Slavey*," said he, "keep out of my way!" At the Helephant and Castle, and indeed wherever we stopped, there were lots of gapers assembled to see the Baronet coachman, but Sir Wincent never minded them, but bustled about with his way-bill, and shoved in his parcels, fish-baskets, and oyster-barrels, like a good 'un.

We pulled up to grub at the Feathers at Merstham, and eartily glad I was, for I was far on to famished, having ridden whole 25 miles in a cold, frosty air without a morsel of wittels of any sort. When the Bart. pulled up he said—"Now ladies and gentlemen—20 minutes allowed here, and let me adwise you to make the most of it." I took the 'int, and heat away like a regular bag-man, who can always dispatch his ducks and green peas in ten minutes.

We started again, and about 100 yards below the pike stood a lad with a pair of leaders to clap on, for the road, as I said before, was werry woolley. "Now you see, Mr. Jorrocks," said Sir Wincent, "I do Old Pikey by having my osses on this side. The old screw drew me for four shillings one day for my leaders, two each way, 'So,' says I 'my covey, if you don't draw it a little milder' I'll send my osses from the stable through Sir Wm. Joliffe's fields to the other side of your shop,' and as he would'nt, you see here they are, and he gets nothing."

The best of company, they say, must part, and Baronets "form no exception to the rule," as I once heard Dr. Birkbeck say. About a mile below the half-way ouse, another coach hove in sight, and each pulling up, they proved to be as like each other as two beans, and beneath a M'Intosh, like a tent cover, I twigged my old friend Brackenbury's jolly phiz. "How are you, Jorrocks?" and "How are you, Brack?" flew across like billiard-balls, while Sir Wincent handing me the ribbons, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you all a good morning and a pleasant ride," and Brack, having done the same by his coach and passengers, the two heroes met on terry firmey, as we say in France, to exchange way-bills and directions about parcels. "Now," said Sir Wincent, "you'll find Miss ———'s bustle under the front seat—send it off to the Marine Parade the *instant* you get in, for she wants it to make herself up to-night for a party." "By Jove, that's lucky," says Brackenbury," "for I'll be hanged if I hav'nt got old Lady ———'s false dinner set of ivories in my waistcoat pocket, which I should have forgot if you hadn't mentioned t'other things, and then the old lady would have lost her blow out this Christmas. Here they are," handing out a small box, "and mind you leave them *yourself*, for they tell me they are costly, being all fixed in coral, with gold springs, and I don't know what—warranted to eat of themselves they say!" "She has lost her modesty with her teeth, it seems," said Sir Wincent. "Old women ought to be ashamed to be seen out of their graves after their grinders are gone. I'll pound it the old tabby carn't be under 100—but quick! who does that d—d parrot and the cock-a-too belong to that you've got stuck up there? and look! there's a canary and all! Ill be d—d if you don't bring me a coach loaded like Wombwell's menagerie every day! Well, be lively! 'Twill be all the same 100 years hence—All right? Sit tight! good night!"

"Well, Mr. Jorrocks, it's long since we met," said Brackenbury, looking me over—"never, I think, since I showed you the way over the Weald of Sussex from Torrington-wood, on the gallant wite, with the Colonel's ounds! Ah, those were rare days, Mr. Jorrocks! We shall never see their like again! But you'r looking fresh. Time lays a light hand on your bearing rein! I hope it will be long er'e you are booked by the *Gravesend* Buss. You don't *lush* much I fancy?" added he, putting a lighted cigar in his mouth. "Yes I does," said I—"*a good deal*, but I tells you what Brackenbury, I does'nt *fumigate* none—it's the fumigation that does the mischief," and thereupon we commenced a hargument on the comparative mischief of smoking and drinking, which ended without either being able to convince the other. "Well, at all ewents you get beefy, Brackenbury," said I. "You must be a couple of stone heavier than when we used to 'lalli-ho the ounds' together. I think I could beat you over the Weald now, at all ewents if the fences were out of the way," for I must confess that Brack. was always a terrible chap at the jumps, and could go where few would follow.

We did the journey within the six hours, werry good work, considering the load and the state of the roads—no coach like the Age, in my opinion. I was so werry much pleased with Brack.'s driving that I presented him with a four-in-hand whip.

I put up at Jonathan Boxall's, the Star and Garter, one of the pleasantest and best conducted houses in Brighton. It is close to the sea, and just by Mahomed, the sham poor's shop. I likes Jonathan, for he is a sportsman, and we spin a yarn together about uniting, and how he used to ride over the moon, when he whipped in to St. John, in Berkshire. But it's all talk with Jonathan now, for he's more like a stranded grampus than a fox-hunter. In course I brought down a pair of kickseys and pipe cases, intending to have a round with the old Muggers, but the snow put a stop to all that. I heard, however, that both the Teiscombe Tye and the Devil's Dike dogs had been running their half-crown rounds after hares, some of which ended in "captures," others in "eseapes," as the newspapers terms them.

I dined at the Albion on Christmas day, and most unfortunately my appetite was ready before the joints, so I had to make my meal of Mary Ann cutlets I think they call them, that is to say, chops screwed up in large curl papers, and such like trifles. I saw some chaps drinking small glasses of stuff, so I asked the waiter what it was, and thinking he said, "Elixir of Girls," I banged the table, and said, "Elixir of Girls! that's the stuff for my money—give me a glass." The chap laughed, and said, "not *Girls*, sir, but *Garus*, Elixir of Garus;" and thereupon he gave another great guffaw.

It is a capital coffee-room, full of winders, finely polished tables, waiters in silk stockings, and they give Spermaciti cheese, and burn Parmesan candles. The chaps in it, however, were werry unsociable, and there wasn't a man there that I would borrow half a crown from to get drunk with. Stickney is the landlord, but he does not stick it in so deep as might be expected from the looks of the house, and the cheese and candles considered. It was a most tempestersome night, and having eat and drank to completion, I determined to go and see if my aunt, in Cavendish-street, was alive; and after being nearly blown over to France several times, I succeeded in making my point and running to ground. The storm grew worser and worser, and when I came to open the door to go away, I found it blocked with snow, and the drifts whirling about in all directions. My aunt, who is a werry feeling woman, insisted on my staying all night, which only made the matter worse, for when I came to look out in the morning, I found the drift as high as the first floor winder, and the street completely buried in snow. Having breakfasted, and seeing no hopes of emancipation, I hangs out a flag of distress—a red wipe—which, after flapping about for some time, drew three or four sailors and a fly-man or two. I explained from the winder how dreadfully I was situated, prayed of them to release me, but the wretches did nothing but laugh, and ax wot I would give to be out. At last one of them who acted as spokesman, proposed that I should put an arm chair out of the winder, and pay them five shillings each for carrying me home on their shoulders. It seemed a vast of money, but the storm continuing, the crowd increasing, and I not wishing to kick up a row at my aunt's, after offering four and sixpence, agreed to their terms, and throwing out a chair, plumped up to my middle in a drift. Three cheers followed the feat, which drew all the neighbors to the winders, when about a dozen fellows, some drunk, some sober, and some half and half, pulled me into the chair, hoisted me on to their shoulders, and proceeded into St. James'-street, bellering out, "Here's the new member for Brighton! Here's the boy wot sleeps in Cavendish-street! Huzzah, the old 'un for ever! There's an elegant man for a small tea party! Who wants a fat chap to send to their friends this Christmas?"

The noise they made was quite tremendious, and the snow in many places being up to their middles, we made werry slow progress, but still they would keep me in the chair, and before we got to the end of the street, the mob had increased to some hundreds. Here they began snow-balling, and my hat and wig soon went flying, and then there was a fresh holloa. "Here's Mr. Wigney, the member for Brighton," they cried out; "I say, old boy, are you for the ballot?" "You must call on the king this morning! he wants to give you a Christmas box." Just then one of the front bearers tumbled, and down we all rolled into a drift, just opposite Duly's backey shop. There were about twenty of us in together, but being pretty near the top I was soon on my legs, and seeing an opening, I bolted right forward—sent three or four fellows flying—dashed down the passage behind Saxby's wine vaults, across the Steyne, floundering into the drifts, followed by the mob shouting and pelting me all the way. This double made some of the beggars overshoot the mark, and run past the Statute of George the Fourth, but seeing their mistake, or hearing the other portion of the pack running in the contrary direction, they speedily joined heads and tails, and gave me a devil of a burst up the narrow lane by the Wite orse Otel. Fortunately Jonathan Boxall's door was open, and Jonathan himself in the passage bar washing some decanters. "Look sharp, Jonathan!" said I, dashing past him as wite as a miller, "look sharp! come out of that, and be after clapping your great carcase against the door to keep the Philistines out, or they'll be the death of us both." Quick as thought the door was closed and bolted, before even the leaders had got up, but finding this the case, the mob halted and proceeded to make a deuce of a kick up before the door, bellowing and shouting like mad fellows, and threatening to pull it down if I did not show. Jonathan got narvous, and begged and entreated me to address them. I recommended him to do it himself, but he said he was quite unaccustomed to public speaking, and would stand two glasses of "cold without" if I would. "Hot with," said I, "and I'll do it." "Done," said he, and he knocked the snow off my coat, pulled my wig straight, and made me look decent, and took me to a bow winder'd room on the first floor, threw up the sash, and exhibited me to the company outside.—I bowed and kissed my hand like a candidate. They cheered and shouted, and then called for silence whilst I addressed them. "Gentlemen," said I, "*who are you?*" "Why we be the men wot carried your honor's glory from Cavendish-street, and wants to be paid for it." "Gentlemen," said I, "I'm no orator, but I'm an honest man; I pays every body 20s. in the pound and *no mistake* (cheers). If you had done your part of the bargain I would have done mine, but ow can you expect to be paid after spilling me? This is a most unclement day, and whatever you may say to the contrary, I'm not Mr. Clement Wigney"——"No, nor *Mr. Faithful*, neither," bellowed out one of the bearers.—"Gentlemen," said I, "you'll get the complaints of the season, chilblains and in-flue-hens-a, if you stand dribbling there in the snow. Let me advise you to mizzle, for if you don't, I'm blowed if I don't divide a whole jug of cold water equally amongst you. Go home to your wives and children, and don't be after annoying an honest, independent, amiable publican, like Jonathan Boxall. That's all I've got to say, and if I was to talk till I'm black in the face, I couldn't say nothing more to the purpose; so I wishes you all a merry Christmas and a appy new year."

But I'm fatiguing you, Mr. Nimrod, with all this, which is only hinteresting to the parties concerned, so will pass on to other topics. I saw the king riding in his coach with his Sunday coat on. He looked werry well, but his nose was rather blueish at the end, a sure sign that he is but a mortal, and feels the cold just like any other man. The queen did not show, but I saw some of her maids of honor, who made me think of the Richmond cheese-cakes. There were a vast of pretty ladies, and the cold gave a little color to their noses too, which I think improved their appearance wastly, for I've always remarked that your ladies of quality are rather pasty, and do not generally show their high blood in their cheeks and noses. I'm werry fond of looking at pretty girls, whether maids of honor or of all work.

The storm stopped all wisiting, and even the Countess of Winterton's ball was obliged to be put off. Howsomever, that did not interfere at all with Jonathan Boxall and me, except that it perhaps made us take a bottom of brandy more than usual, particularly after Jonathan had run over again one of his best runs.

Now, dear Nimrod, adieu. Whenever you comes over to England I shall be werry appy to see you in Great Coram-street, where dinner is on the table punctually at 5 on week ways, and 4 on Sundays; and with best regards to Mrs. Nimrod and all the little Nimrods,

I remain, for Self and Co., yours to serve, JOHN JORROCKS.
Great Coram-street, Jan. 1837. London (New) Sporting Magazine for Feb. 1837.

A SUMMARY OF THE RACING SEASON, 1836.

BY CRAVEN.

"Why do your dogs bark so?—be there bears i' the town?"
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR, ACT 1ST, SCENE 1ST.

In the Number for July, so far as the season was advanced, its progress was noticed. Before I proceed to a review of the Autumnal meetings, it may not, as I think, be irrelevant to the present purpose to offer a few remarks upon a matter which gave rise to a good deal of discussion in the Spring, namely, the practicability of devising some plan whereby the confusion which attended getting off the field for the last Derby might for the future be avoided, and that great racing desideratum, a fair start, ensured. When I was at Epsom during the October meeting, I had a conversation on the subject with the Clerk of the Course, and it is proposed that the start for the Derby and Oaks shall hereafter be managed in this wise:—At the Post a large circle is to be roped off, which no one will be permitted to enter except those who are engaged in the race, and the Starter. As at Newmarket, when the actual "go" is effected, the Starter will lower a flag, which will be answered by a corresponding signal from a person placed a hundred yards in advance. From the vast and unruly multitudes that congregate at that great Metropolitan Festival, some such precaution for obtaining a "fair stage" for the performers is absolutely necessary:—with it I do not think there will be a recurrence of the disorder, which, in the present year, drew upon the authorities there so much public animadversion. Beyond the system in operation at Newmarket, if it be acted upon with judgment, and resolutely enforced, I do not think we need seek. That it has succeeded where best its efficacy might be tested, with large fields and two year old races, the July meeting there, in the present year, affords ample demonstration: during the three days, and the majority of the races two year old stakes, *there was not a solitary false start*. Before disposing of this part of my subject, I must briefly notice a very ingenious mechanical contrivance under the name of a "Racing Telegraph," which I have lately inspected, as well upon the grounds of its own claims as those of its inventor. Mr. Yare, the Veterinary Surgeon, of St. Nicholas Lane, Lombard Street, has been long known to Sporting men for the talent and perseverance with which he has labored to improve and benefit the horse in all its domestic applications, whether employed for our use or our pleasure. No doubt the instrument which he has just constructed is a very clever as well as novel project; how far it might ultimately serve the purpose for which it is intended, must be for time to determine. Upon a model, representing a small section of a race course, are erected two upright posts, according to the scale about twelve feet in height. On the tops of each of these are placed circular iron frames, within which pieces of wood of the same shape are hung, exactly upon the plan of the ornamental terrets often seen upon the head-stalls of carriage-bridles. These pendent circles have on one side the word "GO" inscribed, and on the other "STAY." Attached to these is a small chain, which enables the person having charge of it instantly to offer to the party facing him the side bearing "Go," or "Stay." Thus, then, the Starter, having drawn his field together, pronounces the word "go," and, if satisfied with the manner in which all the horses get off, pulls his Telegraph. The word appearing is at the moment repeated by his confederate in front of the jockeys: if it be affirmative, they go along—if "stay," there is a pull up and "try again." The design, no doubt, is an excellent one; and so was that of the theoretic mouse in the fable, who proposed, for the convenience of all the tribe inhabiting the same barn, that a *bell* should be hung at the neck of the farmer's cat. The education of a training stable, while it teaches a boy the way he should *go*, does not always make him *au fait* to the *running hand* of Mr. Yare. I'll put a case in point, and ask my friend Y. what had become of his Telegraph in a similar instance! A few meetings ago I was at Liverpool, and having a letter to deliver in a street, the position of which I was ignorant of, I put it, for information, in the hand of a jockey I had seen that morning riding for the Thursday's Leger, if my memory serves me. The man who smelt most nefariously of rum, turned the espistle doubtingly for a few minutes between his finger and thumb, and then returned it to me, saying, "I never bother myself with learning—*I think of nowt but drink*."

The Summer's meeting at Newmarket, the interest of which is confined to the two year old races run for on the first and last days, was only remarkable for the dead heat between three for the July stakes. Nothing came out of any pretension, and Southerns forthwith turned their attention towards Goodwood. With its usual number of races, formerly occupying four days, but now concentrated into three, commenced a meeting, which for sport had probably never had its parallel in the annals of the Turf; certainly nothing so brilliant had been before witnessed at that scene of aristocratic revelry. The narrative of it has been already given; but here, I regret, we arrive at that point where begins the character which will be found to attach to too much of my notice of the season, and which I have anticipated by the sentence prefixed to it.

The mystery which attended Sheet Anchor for the Ascot Cup, was, unfortunately, succeeded by the obscurity which prevailed on the Monday in the Goodwood race week, as to whether Elis would or would not start for the Drawing Room Stakes. It was known that he was well; but still there was an uncertainty about his going for that race, which, in many cases, was, I believe, very inconveniently hedged to. He did start eventually, and of course won in a canter. Subsequently he was kept constantly going (in the case of the Goodwood Cup, where his chance was quite a forlorn hope), and at the end of three weeks from that date we find him racing at Lewes—an awkward side of the Island for a Leger favorite to be at work within little more than a month of Doncaster races. But this is forestalling.

For the Goodwood Stakes, Rockingham, the first favorite, was not placed, the same fate awaiting him the next day for the Cup. His running this year certainly has been far inferior to his performances in 1835. Famine, another good scion of Humphrey Clinker, won all before her in the Spring of this season, but at Goodwood was beaten by a very inferior lot, both in pace and lasting. It is said the wind of that stallion's produce does not improve as they run on—the two instances adduced go to strengthen the probability of the report. For the King's Plate here we had as winner John Day's Derby colt, as extraordinary a three year old as probably can be found in the Calendar, the number and character of his victories combined. At the time, I spoke of Venison as having the stamp of a racer all over: since then he has travelled hundreds of miles, started eight times, and always a winner, making twelve races since the Derby, *all of which he won*.

Passing over the Provincial meetings which succeeded Goodwood, we come to a notice which was posted in the Subscription Room at Tattersall's about a month prior to Doncaster races. Nothing more remarkable connected with the Turf has appeared in late years. It was to the effect, that "Elis would not go for the Leger, nor be sent at all to the North, unless in the first instance the odds to £1200 could be got on at 12 to 1 against him." Now, as this price was not to be got in the market, it only remained for such as had him in their field to club among them the amount of their bargains, or lose the certainty of being able, once he reached Doncaster, to hedge their money at something like a Moorfield's premium. The necessary preliminaries being adjusted—that is to say, the long odds being wrung, in Shakspeare's phrase, from the "horny fists" that had during the Summer succeeded in scraping them together—it was announced that Elis had left Newmarket for Doncaster. The papers of the day were filled with accounts of the manner in which his transit was accomplished, his travelling carriage excited as much notice as did that of Napoleon when first exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. His case, however, is not the first in which a caravan and six horses was employed to convey a race-horse to and from Newmarket. Exactly twenty seasons ago, Dow, the trainer of Elis, tried the same experiment, though not with similar success. In the year 1816 he brought up, in that manner from Worcestershire a colt called Sovereign, for Mr. Terret. He was defeated for his races in the Spring meetings, travelled then in his caravan to Epsom, where he lost the Derby, (won by the Duke of York's Prince Leopold,) and in the same fashion returned to Newmarket, where he won the Leger stakes in the following October. When first brought up from Worcestershire, on the fourth day succeeding his unaccustomed wayfaring, he was violently attacked with diabstes; again he was amiss in the same way on reaching Epsom; but, like most sublunary animals, biped as well as quadruped, use at length became instead of Nature, and his third journey had no sinister effect. I have said that he won the Newmarket Leger, and it may as well be added in what manner. This race is run for over the D. I., and his antagonists, who held him very cheap, allowed Ben Moss, who rode him, to get such a lead on the Flat that they were never able to catch him. It was generally thought that, had the race been run again, the result would have been very different.

Before we look at the doings at Doncaster during the great Northern Race-week, I wish *en passant* to correct two "lapsus" which appear in the communication of a very lively correspondent of this magazine. In the account of Brussels races, AMATEUR describes the winner of the Gold Cup, Waverer, as "half brother to Plenipo." It is true the sire of each was Emilius, but upon the Turf we do not so interpret such consanguinity. Two colts by different sires, out of *one dam* are alone considered "half brothers." Again, in describing a race in Belgium, contended for by Waverer, Morotto, Griselda, and Soldier, he says, "the last mile was done in one minute and nine seconds." He must pardon me, but in a Work regarded as an authority on all Sporting subjects, such an assertion cannot be permitted unquestioned currency. If the mile is to be understood as that distance English measure, with out stopping to detail what weight was carried, it is a performance (with or without its being accomplished in the second heat of a race) quite beyond any rate of speed witnessed in our day. Plenipo could not have done it carrying a feather one mile over Newmarket Flat. If a first-rater has ever done it—which is a question—surely such an achievement by a lot of Transports, in a race for heats, were a positive miracle. I trust he will take this in the kindly feeling with which it is written.

Milton tells us that foul weather is sent lest the earth should be

"Strangled in her waste fertility;"

in like manner we may suppose the Turf is destined to her occasional visitations, that men may not become too much fascinated by its allurements. Doncaster races commenced full of promise. In company it was the most brilliant meeting they had ever known. The Leger field brought together all the best of the North-country stables, and of the South two superior runners of their year. The race came off, and Elis, the best public horse in it, won. The backers of *Scroggins* (who *could* have known no more of his actual pretension to support than if they had betted their money upon him before he was foaled) were floored. True, he ran a good nag; and if, as it was said, the stakes would have been for his breeder, I should have been glad that he had come in first. The noble proprietor of Elis could have spared the money, and every friend of racing would have rejoiced that such a sanguine supporter of it as Mr. Ridsdale met a turn of luck. Passing from the winner of the Leger, we come to the question, "Who was the second for it?" Here, in a race where a hundred sovereigns go to a horse so placed, it becomes the duty of a person officiating as Judge to be as accurate in one case as the other. I fully estimate the good taste which withheld the gentleman who reports the North-country racing for this work from making any allusion to an event which has been so strongly animadverted on—I mean, that the second place was given to Scroggins, while Bee's-wing was not even placed. Admitting that Scroggins was second, which appears to be very generally denied, still, by the Judge himself that place was only assigned to him by a neck. Now, how could he have arrived at that decision without knowing what it was that ran him so near a toucher? I do not desire by any means to attribute the manner in which the horses were placed for the Leger to a corrupt motive. If even it was done correctly, still, however, it bears upon the face of it that it was managed in a careless, slovenly way; and, looking at the vast responsibility that attaches to an individual filling the chair of a tribunal *from which there was no appeal*, the mere absence of a *malus animus* is no defence for incapacity or inattention. I do not believe that there is anything so likely to cause men to hesitate about sending their horses to a race meeting as the chance of their performances being incorrectly decided.

It will be seen that GLADIATOR, who all through the summer was first favorite, with little more than 2 to 1 against him, did not start for the Leger; neither for the 200 sovereigns stakes on Thursday, (the next best thing during the week,) which fell to the lot of Scroggins.

The habits and customs of one nation appear absurd or burlesque to another, merely in the proportion in which they are understood, or otherwise. Two South Sea Chesterfields going through the exercise of salutation, by rubbing their noses together in Regent street, would affect the muscles of Bull's face in the same manner that the ladies of Damascus were thrown into paroxysms of laughter at the sight of Captain Skinner making use of his pocket-handkerchief. Strange as these things are to the uninitiated, still they can bear no comparison to the wonder with which those who are ignorant of the practices of our Turf must regard their development. A foreigner takes up the *Sporting Magazine*, and during the summer months perhaps, interests himself in guessing at which of the horses he sees so carefully quoted in the odds on the Leger shall carry off that rich prize: when, lo! he opens the Number for October, and finds the winner a horse not as much as spoken of in the traffic upon that race!

For the three great racing events of the present year, the Scotts' stable has come into the market at the eleventh hour with a *coup de théatre* having no modern parallel. During the month of April, Gladiator was never heard of as a Derby horse—for which he ran second. The last of the outsiders in the April betting upon the oaks, Cyprian, won that stakes, and Scroggins (who for aught the Sporting world knew or cared, till a little better than a fortnight before Doncaster meeting, might have been as defunct and mutilated as his namesake of ballad notoriety) started with only 6 to 4 against him, and was placed second! When it is remembered that it is not who shall *win* such and such a race that the makers of books have to contemplate, but how the horses he has speculated upon are likely to stand in the odds, upon what conditions can any man hope to traffic against a party having, in stable phrase, a *pull* enabling them to enter the Ring a month before an event comes off, and back their horses probably at 30 or 40 to 1 with almost a certainty of hedging their money to a *bonus* of five-and-twenty or five-and-thirty points! It is not because the *fleeced* are either spendthrifts, numskulls, swindlers, or thieves, that makes the case a whit more favorable *quoad* the *fleece*. Merely to put the matter forth upon its merits, I have thus written; for as to expending one dot of ink to save a Leg from the Penal Settlements, I should as soon think of asking for change of a sovereign without handling the silver first. As all the world may not know as much of the confraternity of Legs as the sufferer who pens this paragraph, the following anecdote will serve to illustrate the character of the body by an individual sample.

Every betting day may be seen in the yard at Hyde Park Corner a personage who in his youth was intimately known to, and under the close *surveillance* of, the London Police as the most *adroit* pickpocket of the metropolis. At length, when town had become too hot to hold him any longer, he suddenly disappeared from the *pavé*, and all trace of him was, I believe, lost for years. Chance made me a witness of his first public re-appearance—it was at Tattersall's, upon a settling day for the Derby. Upon these occasions there are generally some of the Police in attendance. As I sauntered about, I was struck with the extreme scrutiny that a fashionable looking man was undergoing at the hands of two persons I knew to be Bow-street officers. "I say, Jem," asked one of his companion, "int that young C—— as used to be? blowed if I don't twig him through all his toggery."—"That's the ticket," said the other; "but he's put up in such a fashion, that I don't think his father (if ever he had one) would have known him again." The object of their notice was evidently wide awake to what was going forward; for, as they made their way towards the gate, and beckoned to him, he followed them into the lane, quite in the style of the *Macheath School*. I was curious to see what was to come of all this pantomime, and contrived to place myself within hearing without attracting observation. As soon as they reached the lane, the first spokesman turned abruptly round, and addressed his customer thus: "I say, C——, it's no use, you can't gammon us with the gentleman-rig: you see we know all about it: this is no place for you! 'ware fish-hooks,' look sharp, and toddle."—"All right," was the reply, "I'm down to the plant; but you've no need to be afraid—*upon my honor as a man, and a gentleman, I've given over all that now!!*" Although there was no actual burglary committed during the meeting at Doncaster in the present year, the amount of plunder in the way of fraud brings it pretty nearly on a par with the past season. On both occasions the *lift* was attributed to Professional Sporting Gentlemen!

I am afraid we live in a sad ill-natured age. I am sure that the levelling system, whose principle pervades so much of the writing and oratory of the present day, may be traced as originating far more from social pique and envy than from any actual leaning towards political republicanism. In a certain class of popular assemblies, it is now the only road to favor to rail against the Aristocracy. He who can best hold up to derision the Nobles or Gentry becomes the cynosure of all ears. One assures us that coronets are in truth another name for fool's-caps; in proof of which he relates that the first Duke of Bolton only spoke during one hour of the day, and was accustomed to hunt by torch light.—Another warrants gentle birth as the moving principle in weakness of intellect, and all aberrations from the beaten path of existence; in evidence of which he quotes the case of the late Mrs. Forester (grandmother of the present Sporting Peer,) who used to breakfast at 9 P. M., and dine at 4 o'clock in the morning.—Now this is the school of logic that throws my philosophy upon its beam ends. To such might belong the traveller, who on his return from Paris, should declare that the French were a nation of bald-pates, because in their metropolis he found a man who wore a wig. Providence has ordained that there should be social distinctions; the lower animals are not created with equal privileges, neither is it convenient that the condition of all men should be the same. Could the liberal arts, painting, sculpture, poetry, music, ever have reached the glory in which we find them, had not the surplus of individual wealth dealt towards them the liberal patronage which fostered and encouraged them? Even so is it with our national sports; nay, probably, they establish a still stronger case. There is more than mere wealth required in a Master of Fox Hounds: without local influence, hereditary claim, there are many counties in England in which no man could attempt appearing in such a character. The Turf owes its existence to the Aristocracy; and sincerely is it to be wished that it had never parted with its charter of Oligarchy. The more popular it has become in one sense, the less its claims to be so in that word's better meaning.

Did every son of Albion feel as I do, the vast importance of encouraging the rural pastimes, for the countenance bestowed upon them by the Aristocracy, not only would the bitterest Whig become reconciled to "hereditary legislation," but the most noisy sticklers for the social proprieties tolerate the Peerage, did that body even wear their heads according to the lunar establishment, or after the fashion of Erin's titular Saint. At all times and seasons these have been my sentiments, though probably the expression of them is more energetic at this instant, that I have turned from the narrative of the late Heaton Park Meeting.—Surely no man will pronounce wealth and station of no service to the state who contemplates the offices in which they are there employed. As a scene of munificent hospitality, and a rendezvous which in its assembled Lords and Commons exhibits in the fairest colours a picture of our Constitution, it has no rival. As a Meeting possessing any prospective interest for the Turfite, its claims are limited. On their late anniversary Heaton Park races were exposed to the sad reality of the worst vicissitudes belonging to our climate. As I read the amphibious history of their progress, it brought to my recollection a little attempt at the attic I heard let off some few years ago at the Betting Post of the T. Y. C. at Newmarket. There had been a smart fall of snow between the Craven week and the First Spring, which, however, a brisk thaw had carried off previous to the commencement of the racing. The hollow of the Abingdon Mile Bottom was a sheet of water some inches in depth. As I approached the ring, to gather a little of the betting, I heard the usual demands with which traffic is prefaced. "How do you bet?"—"What will you back?"—"What are the odds against anything?" &c.—to which a Leg replied (with considerable smartness for a Leg,) "I've no particular fancy, *but I'll back the best swimmer!*"

Without any suspicious change in the weather opened the Newmarket First October Meetings but with a list of sport such as late years had not produced.—Had it been confined to one day's running, and had that single day possessed but one race, such an event as a return Match between the winners of the Derby and Leger of the same year would have been all-sufficient to have secured an ample attendance. Beset with difficulty and obscurity, as but too much of the Turf affairs unhappily is, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 1836 presented a criterion by which the best horse of the season would be judged beyond almost the possibility of warping the trial from its purpose. Bay Middleton and Elis, either directly or indirectly, had defeated all the three-year-olds of North and South: they were in fact, half a stone better than any thing of their year. The first was a Scylla of the Turf: Elis *had* felt defeat, but taking his two-year old with his three-year-old performances, he had shown himself unquestionably a first-class racer.

Let no man take up anything, whether professionally or as an amusement, upon which he cannot enter with enthusiasm. Five years ago I went at a minute's warning, "*summa diligentia*," (that is, on the top of a Norwich mail,) to Newmarket to witness a Match between Sam Chifney and James Robinson; the former on Priam, the latter on Lucetta; but still it was the men "that I went out to see." I went without change of raiment, and as it rained every yard from Lea Bridge to Six Mile Bottom, my pleasure party was as moist as such things usually are. Having adduced some evidence that I love a race, had there been a tunnel of shower baths from Charing Cross to the White Hart, would I have *craned* Newmarket and the Grand Duke Michael? I had my reward, a more imposing spectacle has rarely been witnessed. Lining the cords indeed, almost from the Abingdon Mile Bottom, were the veterans of the Turf, with the "*hoc est vivere bis*" of Horace as plainly written on their faces, as though each lineament had been moulded for the service of Lavater. The Match, to which the Stakes were reduced (an epitome of the Season,) terminated as all previous experience of the horses brought together in it justified men to conclude it would do. Not only was its outline correct, but all the minuter shading in just keeping. Elis, a stale horse, did not meet his formidable competitor upon the terms on which he had formerly engaged him; so neither did he shew similarly in the strife. Caravan-travelling may be all very well for the legs, but the wear and tear of the constitution is in no way served by such a device. A race-horse in constant training is like a stringed instrument always kept in tune at concert pitch, either the chords become overstrained, or they go altogether. Here we will take our leave of Bay Middleton, as it is the last occasion in which we find him engaged in anything like a race—his affair with Muezzin being nothing more than an exercise canter. In his Spring racing I confess I did not see the promise which his subsequent performances have realized. I spoke without confidence of the Sultan blood for such a trial of *stoutness* as the Derby course would subject it to. Very lately I had a conversation upon that subject with an individual whose authority should have some weight; I allude to the Duke of Grafton's stud groom, Mr. Hindley. His reply was to this effect:—"There is a period in the life of every stallion in which his stock will be found at its best: there are no data for arriving at these eras of a horse's perfection; probably it is regulated by constitution. Sultan is an example of this; formerly he got them weak; now many of his stock are remarkable as well for speed as lasting." It is gratifying to me to quote such a corroboration of my own opinion.

The Epsom October Meeting was a spectacle to move a man to laughter *in extremis*. There were fortune-tellers, without whose skill in palmistry the fate of the Races might be read, unless their future destinies should be ruled by other stars (*and garters.*) There were the anglers of men, but gudgeons there were none; they toiled, but caught no fish. And, oh! to look upon the countenances of "vinegar aspect" that accompanied their proprietors to the festive scene!—There was a certain man there, I will not name him, because a little mystery is always interesting—but there he rode, looking as if he had breakfasted upon aloes and hyssop. Instead of Surrey, what a real blessing his presence would have been in any of the cheese counties! Bennet would be a useless drug; only let him pop his face in at the dairy doors, and I'll back him to turn all the cream in a parish during a morning's walk. Nothing could be more melancholy evidence of the consequences of misrule party spirit, and village *corporate* abuse, than this spectral attempt at racing. The system that capsized the Dogberries of Ascot, surely will work the speedy fall of their neighbours in vicinity and craft; men are already sick of such strong *doses of Epsom*.

"Methinks I hear a little bird that sings
Another year shall yield ye better things."

It would be an instructive application of natural philosophy were the inquiry instituted, how it happens that crime is found to be as contagious as the most infectious epidemic? Last season a most disastrous case for the reputation of the Turf turned the eyes of all Sporting people towards Ireland. There the disputed case of identity at the Curragh appears to have given birth to a course of fraud of a similar nature at several Meetings both at home and abroad. At Catterick a filly ran as a two-year-old, that was subsequently proved at another trial of the same sort to be *rising four* at Lincoln, Something like this occurred at Northallerton, where, upon a resolution being expressed of subjecting Mr. Nuttall's br. f. Elizabeth, by St. Patrick, dam by Catton, &c., to a strict two-year old examination, she was not brought to the post. At Brussels old Chamois (the dam of Perren's Ibex) was run as a maiden racer! These I name, because they are instances of which positive proof has been given; too many more, I fear, would have been detected had the same inquiry been instituted as in the matter of Caroline *versus* Becassine.

The Second October at Newmarket, with two of the most influential two year old races of the Autumn, brought with it a dainty for the season, a promise of fair weather. Wintonian, a good Derby favorite for the Fifty Pound Plate for two year olds, beat a large field very cleverly, making his third victory, in every case over very tolerable lots. The Clearwell was won by Cooper's stable, whence as many conquering horses have sallied forth for the Heath as any two other (or nearly so) during the season. Lord Exeter has his soul in the sport; and if now and then his young ones cannot pop in first, he should remember the green sapling cannot abide the storm like the oak of a hundred winters. Corban is an honest-hearted good little horse as ever honest jock bestrode; but since it has foiled the philosopher, why expect a quadruped to discover the perpetual motion? In a fortnight the *Hopeful*, the *Buckenham*, the *Rutland*, the *Clearwell*, and the *Prendergast*..... "awful work, my masters, for *gristle*." The latter race was one with more prospective importance than any of either the First or Second October, bringing together the winners of the July and Chesterfield stakes, together with Chapeau d'Espagne, who had run the winner of the Clearwell to a head. Cartoon, the winner, it should be had in mind, entered the *field* at the eleventh hour to contend with those who had toiled from day-break. It was as desperate a struggle as almost I ever saw with four—Cartoon, quite fresh, being first, Cetus (next of the able bodied) second, the others pretty much after the rate of their former labors. How it must astonish Olympus to see the fashion in which Lord Lichfield takes the field now-a-days, in contrast with the era when Gab used to couch lance for the glory of the black and the scarlet!

"The last," but not "the saddest of any"—the HOUGHTON—was ushered in in full winter costume—snow, frost, and an atmosphere of the temperature of Baffin's Bay. A strange sight on the Tuesday was the Heath, resembling a mighty table-cloth, upon which a green ribbon was accidentally thrown, the latter being the aptest figure that occurs to me by which to convey the appearance of the clearing from the Ditch-end to the finish of the B. C. Never was such outrage upon all skiey influences, such positive temptation of lumbago, to twist mortality up like a cork-screw, as the act of bearding the quicksilver below Zero in *gros de Naples* jackets, muslin shirts, and the other part of the person like the little pigs in the song: it gave me the ague to look at it. "Connelly," said I, shivering and turning upon him a look of unutterable compassion, as I rode to the Starting-post with that best-humored of sinners in blue and white satin, and face to match, "how the devil do you contrive to keep the teeth in your head?—the *bare* memory of a naked fellow like you, under such circumstances, will cost me an extra blanket during the winter."—"It's not sultry, sir," was the reply, "nor by any means pleasant, particularly as I walked a twelve miles' sweat this morning in half-a-dozen great coats, and that, at the present moment, my stomach is as empty as a blown bladder."—It is pleasant, when a man's own corns are pinching him, to know that few are permitted in this world to glide upon velvet.

The Criterion, the great event of this meeting, it will be seen was won by Chapeau d'Espagne, after a good race with Fantastic. Previous to this last race Sister to Waresti was first favorite for it. and almost up to the hour of starting. When, however, it was seen that the party were desirous to get their money on Chapeau, of course the tables were turned, and she took the lead in the market, as afterwards in the field. There was, as usual, a great deal of racing, the other two year old stake, the Nursery, being won by Lord Lichfield's Cassandra, with 100 to 2 against her, taken by John Day. Beyond this the closing meeting of the year had no feature of greater interest than that which terminated with it.

Here, however, I cannot close my notice of the Season. Its course, as Shakspeare declares of true love, "never did *run* smooth." From the Spring, literally and figuratively, its current was disturbed and its elements troubled. I have ventured, in my zeal for the sport that I love, to the best of a poor ability to point out the evils that assail our Turf, and how best they may be remedied. True, I am by no means an advocate for its being made, as it undoubtedly is, the medium of a vast money-speculation, but I am constrained to deal with it as I find it. It would be an unwholesome delicacy, which, in a work of this nature, should attempt to pass over any strongly-expressed public opinion in consideration of individual convenience. Every day serves to fortify me in the sentiments which I have so frequently avowed in these pages—my conviction that a system of public training, constituted as the Turf now is, ought not, and will not much longer be tolerated. The maxim is an ungracious one—nevertheless, I fear that it is justified by the sad reality of experience that the safest plan is—to consider every man who approaches you as harboring a design against your pocket. The laws of the Jockey Club, as indeed all other laws from Moses inclusive, are framed upon this understanding for their basis. Public training is a contingency for which the Jockey Club, as yet, has not legislated. By the courtesy of the Turf it has become an acknowledged regulation, from which no party without dishonor could depart, that if a proprietor shall have more than one horse engaged in any race, he shall declare, before starting, with which of his lot he intends to win. Horses from public training stables are brought to the post with their lengths as accurately ascertained as those of any private team, *by the trainer;* and he goes into the Ring, and lays out money as best he can, without any requisition to state which is to win. The system is one likely to corrupt men of the best meaning integrity; under it the "indifferent honest" at once becomes a confirmed rogue.

Play or pay races are premiums for rascality. Latterly, playing upon this system on the Turf seems to be received as a legitimate *pull* in favor of proprietors of horses and their friends—an *apres* in fact, to which they are entitled. The favorites in the two last years for the Ascot Cup fell amiss within twenty-four hours of their respective races—it was all right, and people payed away their coin with a stoicism worthy a Red Warrior at the stake. These, and such like "untoward events" are the foulest brands upon a noble sport, and place the paltry thieves concerned in them as compared with the swell craksman as the area-sneak of the present day, contrasted with the *Macheaths* of the last century. It is this which has stirred my innermost bile—hence comes it "*that my dogs bark so.*"

CRAVEN.

Nov. 5, 1836. London (Old) Sport. Mag. for Dec., 1836.

THE HAMPTON COURT STUD SALE FOR 1837.

England, where during the last century the improvement of her breed of horses has been cultivated with unwearying zeal and a lavish expenditure, is now reaping a golden harvest in return for her enterprise and spirit—London, the various great breeding studs, and all the fairs of any character, and now, during the season, the resort of purchasers from the four quarters of the globe, the only question being how long the supply will meet the great and increasing demand. America, our other self, has taken up the speculation with an ardor worthy a scion of "the old country." Where first-rate blood is to be procured, the terms are a secondary consideration. The motto of her buyers is founded upon the spirit of the well-known "put money in thy purse." They *do* put money in their purses, and their axiom is, "we must have horses, reasonably if they may be so obtained, *but we must have horses.*" Louis Philippe, although no sportsman, and an enemy to the Turf, as a national amusement, still felt the importance of encouraging the breeding of horses in France upon a better principle than that of crossing the Flanders mare with the Norman stallion. With the view of turning the attention of the French farmer to a new source of rural industry, the HARAS DU PIN (the Royal Breeding Stud in Normandy) is now conducted upon a scale of which we have no example in this country. Their stud of stallions is enormous; and when such nags are found in it as Lottery, Cadland, Pickpocket, Juggler, Dangerous, Teetotum, Mameluke, Young Emilius, Cleveland, and an endless *etcetera*, it will be seen they have gone the right way to work. These horses during the season are sent all over the country, and so ship-shape are all these things "managed in France," that the whole lot returns to the HARAS on the same day, and actually at the same hour! *The number sent out this year was between sixty and seventy!*

Germany has bought largely of our best blood: Holstein, Belgium, Denmark, and Russia have all been to us: but no purchasers come to the English market who evince the talent and spirit of the Americans. Last year one buyer alone, from Virginia, took from us Shakspeare, Emancipation, Rowton, Margrave, and Merman. France, at least under its present administration, will never be a vent of any consequence for our Racing Stock, *as such:* the Government will import our stallions, and encourage the speculation in others, as the means of introducing a better description of horse for general use, particularly for their cavalry; but they will not offer, by the gift of public money, any inducement for the introduction of race-horses in that country. The Duke of Orleans is passionately fond of the Turf, but he will not give prices such as will procure first class runners from England, because there are no stakes that warrant such a speculation. Lord Henry Seymour, the staunchest patron of their Turf, has also his limit as a buyer; but as he can measure his Royal antagonist's strength by the figure with which he goes to market, so in most instances he meets him with almost a moral certainty of giving him (according as he has advanced upon him in price) a five or ten per cent. beating.

The object, then, of thus anticipating in this Number the greatest and most influential public sale of young Racing Stock in the world, I trust, is sufficiently obvious. Universal as the circulation of the *Sporting Magazine* is, a notice of six months will enable, in most cases, such as desire to appropriate some of the blood of the Royal Stud to make their arrangements to that effect in time, in any part of Europe; while an epitome of the different strains to be submitted for sale will assist those who are at a distance in deciding, whether the catalogue is sufficiently attractive to hold out the hope that a selection from it might pay the expense of time and money consequent upon a distant journey. Purchasers in France, Belgium, and the neighboring States will be enabled to procure the annual lists from Tattersall's, which are published generally a fortnight or so before the day of sale:—for the service of the patrons of the Turf at a distance; to our American, Russian, Prussian, Danish, Swedish friends; to all who either from motives of business or pleasure are concerned in the possession or production of the noblest of all animals, this anticipatory notice is now, and in future corresponding Numbers will be, offered in the belief that it will be approved of, and in the hope that it may be of service.

The present Establishment at Hampton Court consists of eight Stallions, (besides which, as the following list of their young stock will shew, they send their mares to Emilius, Sultan, and most other first class horses,) and thirty-four Mares.

The Yearlings that (casualties excepted) will be offered by auction at Tattersall's in May next, are as follow:—

Bay Filly, by Actæon, out of Belvoirina, by Stamford, dam by Mercury.
Bay Filly, by Camel, out of Elizabeth, by Rainbow, out of Belvoirina.
Bay Colt, by Camel, out of Maria, by Waterloo, out of Belvoirina.
Ch. Filly, by The Colonel, out of a ch. m., by Oscar, out of Camarine's dam.
Ch. Colt, by Reveller, out of Rachel, by Whalebone, out of the dam of Moses.
Bay Filly, by Actæon, out of Scandal, by Selim, dam by Haphazard.
Bay Filly, by The Colonel, out of Posthuma, by Orville, out of Medora, by Selim.—This is the finest foal that I have ever seen. Indeed, Mr. Wodey told me they had never bred anything of more power and promise. Her g. dam won the Oaks; her grandsire won the Leger; and she looks as if she would win them both.
Bay Colt, by Emilius, out of Fleur-de-lis, by Bourbon, dam by Stamford.—This is also a splendid animal; with his form and pedigree, he cannot be too dear with gold as a barter for such blood.
Ch. F., by Actæon, out of Ada, (sister to Augusta) by Woful, d. by Rubens.
Ch. F., by The Colonel, out of Galatea, by Amadis, out of Paulina, by Sir Peter.
Grey Colt, by Rubini, out of a Grey Arabian mare.
Bay Colt, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven, by Mr. Lowe, dam by Soothsayer.
Bay Filly, by Sultan, out of Miss O'Neil, by Camillus, out of Birmingham's dam, by Orville.
Chesnut Colt, by Actæon, out of Wings, by The Flyer, out of Oleander, by Sir David.
Chesnut Filly, by The Colonel, out of Miss Clifton, by Partisan, out of Isis, by Sir Peter.
Chesnut Colt, by Emilius, out of Young Mouse, by Godolphin, out of Mouse, by Sir David.
Ch. C., by Actæon, out of Locket, by Blacklock, dam Miss Paul, by Sir Paul.
Chesnut Filly, by The Colonel, out of Codicil, by Smolensko, dam Legacy, by Beningbrough.
Chesnut Filly, by Taurus, out of Black Daphne, by Juniper, dam Spotless, by Walton.
Brown Colt, by Sir Hercules, out of Gulnare, by Smolensko, dam Medora, by Selim.
Bay Filly, by Camel, out of La Danseuse, by Blacklock, dam Madame Sacqui, by Remembrancer.
Ch. C., by Rowton, out of Nanine, (Glaucus's dam,) by Selim, out of Bizarre.
Chesnut Colt, out of one of the grey mares presented to his Majesty by the Imaum of Muscat, and foaled on the passage.

Such is the list, including almost all the purest strains of English blood, and drawn from the most renowned channels of the Stud Book, which the noble Establishment at Hampton furnishes for the ensuing year—an establishment conducted as becomes a great Prince, and having in view a truly princely object.

CRAVEN.

Nov. 15, 1836.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Dec., 1836.

THE DERBY DAY.

HERE'S a right and true list of all the running horses! Dorling's correct card for the Derby day!—Hollo, old un! hand us up one here, will you: and let it be a good un: there, now what's to pay?

Only sixpence. Sixpence! I never gave more than a penny at Hookem Snivey in all my days.—May be not, your honor: but Hookem Snivey aint Hepsom: and sixpence is what every gemman, as is a gemman, pays.

I can buy 'em for less than that on the course, and I'll wait till I get there.—Beg your honor's pardon.—They sell 'em a shillin on the course. Give you threepence. They cost *me* fippence ha'p'ny farden.

Well, here then, take your list back again. Come, Come; your honor shall have it at your own price:—I wouldn't sell it nob'dy else for no sitch money: but I like the sound of your wice.

Here then, give me change, will you?—Oh, certainly; but your honor's hon-common ard:—Let's see: you want two-and-threepence: wait a moment, there's another gentleman calling out for a card.

Hollo, coachman, stop, stop! Coachman, do you hear? stop your horses this moment, and let me get down:—The fellow's run away behind an omnibus without giving me change out of my half crown.

That's always the way they does on these here hoccasions: they calls it catching a flat:—Sorry I can't stop. Where's the new police? Pretty police truly, to suffer such work as that!

Well, if ever I come to Epsom again! but let's look at the list: it's cost me precious dear!—Ascot, Mundig, Pelops! why, good heavens, coachman! they've sold me a list for last year!

Oh, ma! look there! what a beautiful carriage; scarlet and gold liveries, and horses with long tails,—And stodge full of gentlemen with mustaches, and cigars, and Mackintoshes, and green veils:

Whose is it, ma? Don't know, my dear; but no doubt belongs to some duke, or marquis, or other great nob.—Beg your pardon, ma'am: but that carriage as you're looking at is a party of the swell mob.

And oh my, ma! look at that other, full of beautiful ladies, dressed like queens and princesses.—Silks and satins and velvets, and gauze sleeves and ermine tippets: I never saw such elegant dresses:

And how merry they look, laughing and smiling! they seem determined to enjoy the sport:—Who are they, ma? Don't know, dear; but no doubt they're Court ladies. Yes, ma'am, Cranbourne Court.

How do, Smith? nice sort of tit you've got there. Very nice indeed, *very* nice sort of mare.—Beautiful legs she's got, and nicely turned ancles, and 'pon my word, a most elegant head of hair.

How old is she? and how high does she stand? I should like to buy her if she's for sale.—Oh, she's quite young: not above five-and-twenty or thirty; and her height exactly a yard and a half and a nail.

Price eighty guineas. She'd be just the thing for you: capital hunter as ever appeared at a fixture.—Only part with her on account of her color: not that *I* mind: only Mrs. S. don't like an *Oxford mixture.*

Hehio! you faylow! you person smoking the pipe, I wish you'd take your quadruped out of the way.—Quadruped, eh? you be blowed! it's no quadruped, but as good a donkey as ever was fed upon hay.

Oh, my! ma: there's the course. What lots of people, and horses, and booths, and grand stands.—And what oceans of gipsies and jugglers, and barrel organs, and military bands!

And was ever such sights of Savoyards and French women singing and E-O-tables;—And horses rode up and down by little boys, or tied together in bundles, and put up in calimanco stables;

And look at that one, they call him *Boney*-part. Did you ever in all your lifetime see a leaner:—And "Royal Dinner Saloons" (for royalty; the knives might have been a little brighter, and the linen a little cleaner);

And women with last-dying speeches in one hand and in the other all the best new comic songs;—And, dear me, how funnily that gentleman sits his horse; for all the world just like a pair of tongs.

And—Clear the course! clear the course! Oh dear! now the great Derby race is going to be run.—Twelve to one! Ten to one! Six to one! Nine to two! Sixteen to three! Done, done, done, done!

Here they come! here they come? blue, green, bluff, yellow, black, brown, white, harlequin, and red!—Sir, I wish you'd stand off of our carriage steps: it's quite impossible to see through your head.

There, now they're gone: how many times round? Times round, eh? why, bless your innocent face!—It's all over. All over! you don't say so! I wish I'd never come: such a take in! call that a Derby race!

After being stifled with dust almost, and spoiling all our best bonnets and shawls and cloaks!—Call that a Derby race indeed! I'm sure it's no Derby, but nothing but a right-down, regular *Oaks.*

But come let's have a bit of lunch: I'm as hungry as if I hadn't had a bit all day.—Smith, what are you staring at! why don't you make haste, and hand us the hamper this way?

We shall never have any thing to eat all day if you don't stir yourself and not go on at that horrid slow rate.—Oh Lord! the bottom's out, and every bit of meat and drink, and worse than all, the knives and forks and plate,—

Stole and gone clean away! Good heavenlies! and I told you to keep your eye on the basket, you stupid lout!—Well, so I did, on the *top* of it, but who'd have thought of their taking the bottom out?

Well never mind: they'll be prettily disappointed: for you know, betwixt you and me and the wall,—Our ivory knives and forks were nothing but bone; and our plate nothing but German silver, after all.

What race is to be run next? No more ma'am: the others were all run afore you come.—Well, then, have the horses put to, Smith; I'll never come a Derbying again; and let us be off home.

Oh lawk! what a stodge of carriages! I'm sure we shall never get off the course alive!—Oh dear! do knock that young drunken gentleman off the box: I'm sure he's not in a fit state to drive.

There, I told you how it would be. Oh law! you've broke my arm, and compound-fractured my leg!—Oh! for 'eaven's sake lift them two 'orrid osses off my darter! Sir, take your hands out of my pocket-hole, I beg!

I say, the next time you crawl out of a coach window, I wish you would'nt put your foot on a lady's chest.—Vell, if ever I seed such a purl as that (and I've seed many a good un in my time) I'll be blest.

Oh dear! going home's worse than coming! It's ten to one if ever we get back to Tooley Street alive. Such justling, and pushing, and prancing of horses! and always the tipsiest gentleman of every party *will* drive.

I wish I was one of those ladies at the windows; or even one of the servant maids giggling behind the garden walls.—And oh! there's Kennington turnpike! what shouting and hooting, and blowing those horrid cat-calls!

Ticket, Sir? got a ticket? No, I've lost it. A shilling then. A shilling!—I've paid you once to day.—Oh yes, I suppose so: the old tale: but it won't do: that's what all you sporting gentlemen say.

Hinsolent feller! I'll have you up before your betters. Come, Sir, you must'nt stop the way. Well, I'll pay you again; but, oh Lord! somebody's stole my purse! good gracious, what shall I do!—I suppose I must leave my watch, and call for it to-morrow. Oh ruination! blow'd if that isn't gone too!

Get on there, will you?—Well, stop a moment. Will any body lend me a shilling? No, well, here then, take my hat:—But if I don't show you up in Bell's Life in London next Sunday morning, my name's not Timothy Flat.

Well, this is my last journey to Epsom, my last appearance on any course as a backer or hedger:—For I see plain enough a betting-book aint a day-book, and a Derby's a very different thing from a Ledger.

From the London Comic Almanack for 1837.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 25, 1837.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

By the arrival, on Tuesday last, of the packet ship *Albany*, Capt. Johnson, from Havre, we have received letters from JOHN BOARDMAN, Esq., of Alabama, who is now travelling in Europe on account of his health, which we are glad to learn is improving. In laying before our readers the annexed extracts from his last private letter, we need not say that the valuable suggestions contained therein will be adopted, and carried out to the best of our ability. The American Sporting World will be pleased to learn that the letters of Mr. B. to the Spirit of the Times are to be continued; from their cordial reception in all quarters, and the unusual degree of sound practical sense, ability, and impartiality which distinguish them, we are gratified that the columns of this paper should have been selected as the medium through which to convey to his countrymen the opinions and observations of an intelligent American Turfman in England.

PARIS, Feb. 14, 1837.

DEAR SIR,—I was too ill in England to write for your paper as often as I wished, but have sent you several pieces since my arrival in Paris, as I have been confined very much to my apartments here, and have had more leisure. * * * * * Am just now recovering from an attack of *Grippe*, (influenza,) which has swept over Europe like a pestilence; and this is the only serious illness I have had since leaving America: but my health is very precarious, and I am very weak, and unable to apply myself to anything long at once. * * * * * I will endeavor to follow up the subject of my communications, and would recommend you to give your readers extracts from "DARVILL *on the Race-horse, Training*," &c., which I have not been able to get, but understand it would be published in England in January or February: also "NIMROD *on Condition*."—These should be accompanied with suitable comments, and the system, both of breeding and training, compared with the American; but this should be done without feeling or prejudice to have the desired effect, viz., *improvement*.

Yours very truly, J. B.

AUGUSTA AND MR. MAYWOOD.

Two articles of Green-Room intelligence in this paper recently have given rise to considerable remark in theatrical circles, and among the friends of MADAME AUGUSTA and Mr. MAYWOOD to some little bitterness of feeling. The matter is readily explained, and as briefly as possible we hereby lay the facts before our readers.

In the Spirit of the Times of the 25th of Feb., we stated that

"AUGUSTA came out to this country upon the representations of Mr. MAYWOOD, manager of the Chesnut-street theatre, Philadelphia, who found it impossible, after she arrived, to make an opening for her, if her terms were such as to require any pecuniary remuneration for her services, though the manager kindly condescended, we understand, to give her an occasional "off night," and allow her the *honor* of appearing before the Chesnut-street audience, which proposition Mr. ST. JAMES and his wife respectfully declined."

We made the statement above, not from any representations of the party directly interested, but upon the authority of several gentlemen intimately acquainted with the secrets of the Green-Room, and were prompted so to do from our knowledge of the fact, that so great was the disappointment of Madame Augusta that Mr. Maywood did not meet her with offers of immediate and liberal engagements upon her arrival, that she was on the point of making arrangements for her return to Paris.

A few days after the publication of the article, of which the extract quoted above is the material part, a mutual friend called upon us with a letter from Mr. Maywood, wherein he positively disclaimed having made *any* "representations" to Madame A. to induce her to visit this country; and we were moreover informed, that his zeal to do her a service prompted him to come on to New York, in the hope of being instrumental in securing for her an engagement at the Park. Under the impression, therefore, that our first paragraph reflected unjustly upon Mr. Maywood, and placing implicit reliance upon the statements made in his letter, we remarked in this paper of the 11th of March to the following effect:—

"AUGUSTA did not come out to this country from representations *that were unfounded*, made to herself and husband in Paris, by Mr. MAYWOOD. We have it from the very highest authority, that Mr. M., while in Paris, declined engaging her on the following terms, which she proposed:—'$10,000 for her services for ten months, with a clear benefit every month.' How far Mr. M.'s 'representations' may have influenced her to pay a visit to this country, we are not prepared to state, nor, indeed, whether he made her any 'representations' at all. We only know, that on hearing of her arrival, he came on to this city, and was instrumental in effecting an engagement for her at the Park, not having, probably, any 'off-nights' at his command at his own theatre. If he did not feel bound to do something for her, surely his anxiety to serve her interests is not only a new feature in the ordinary managerial character but entitles him to her own, and the thanks of her friends, rather than to any insinuations of ill treatment, or want of courtesy. We rather suspect Mr. M. *did* make her certain 'representations,' as he might have done with propriety without committing himself, which were so misconceived and magnified as to have caused some disappointment to the lady and her friends."

Mr. Maywood, over his own signature, having denied in the most positive terms, making any "representations" to Madame Augusta to induce her to visit this country, we could do no less than publish his disclaimer, inasmuch as upon our own authority, we had charged him with having done quite the contrary. In giving our readers the substance of his letter, we still adhered to our original belief, that he *did* make representations to her of some sort; but since the last article, (the above quoted), was published, *another* letter has been received from him, in which he alludes to the fact of our want of faith in his statement, and again in unqualified terms denies having made Madame A. any representations whatever, with the view expressed before.

It will be seen from the annexed passages, that are extracted from a letter addressed to us last week by MADAME AUGUSTA, that in our first article reflecting upon Mr. Maywood's managerial character, we were substantially correct. Her testimony fully supports us in the opinion we there expressed, while it is a direct and positive contradiction of Mr. M.'s repeated statements. No one more highly appreciates than ourselves the nobility of sentiment, and the modesty which has induced Madame Augusta to bear silently the injurious allegations cast upon her, rather than by a simple exposition of facts to overthrow them. But having before us, fortunately, the original of the letter which she at first had determined to publish in answer to the "Maywood article" in this paper, we cannot, even at the risk of incurring her displeasure, resist the temptation of extracting a few passages, wherein she gracefully expresses the most lively gratitude for the gracious reception and uniform kindness of our citizens. Nor can we forbear, much as we would regard her wishes, to introduce a few paragraphs from it, in which she demonstrates conclusively her having visited our hospitable shores from representations made her by Mr. Maywood, which, so far as he is concerned, have not been realized. We have already kept the lady waiting, for which we humbly beg pardon, and also for the almost unpardonable liberty we have taken with her letter. In commending the following extracts from it to that attention which every reader of the Spirit of the Times is so ready to accord to a stranger, we take pleasure in the belief that there is not one among the number who would hesitate, at any hazard, to main the rights and support the cause of an amiable, accomplished, and lovely woman.

To the Editor of the "Spirit of the Times."

DEAR SIR, * * * * * * I have always been of opinion that artists, however great their talents might be, could not occupy the public mind with their private transactions without being guilty of an unwarrantable presumption. Their only occupation should be the exercise of their talents in their proper sphere, and to the great end of making them worthy the approbation of the public. It is, therefore, altogether against my will that I thus appear before the public for the first and last time, and confess myself forced to contradict the reply which you have been requested to publish in the name or Mr. Maywood.

* * * * * * *

It *is* positively true that I was induced to visit America by "*representations*" made to me by Mr. Maywood, which have since proved to be "*unfounded*." The "high authority" which declares that he declined making an engagement, for which I was to receive Ten Thousand Dollars for ten months, is made the means of an assertion which is unwarranted. Mr. Maywood really *accepted* this proposition. I added to it the condition that he should pay me in advance Two Thousand Dollars as security. He replied that he had not this sum at his disposal, but that he would procure it of a friend, and remit it from London. He wrote from that city that he could not procure it, but that he was about to sail for America, and that he would lose no time in making such arrangements as would satisfy me. This letter is terminated by a representation of the advantages which would occur to me if I resolved to come at my own expense. He promises also to divide the receipts of each night, after a sum reserved for the expenses, and to give me a half clear benefit at the end of each limited engagement.

In the article of your journal of March 11th, Mr. Maywood has incorrectly given you to understand that he had been instrumental in effecting an engagement for me at the Park. The true agent between Mr. SIMPSON and myself was Mr. ABBOTT.

In the first visit he made to New York, after my arrival here, Mr. Maywood promised positively to give me an engagement for the following month. I have several letters in my hands which prove this, and there are now near seven months elapsed without his having fulfilled his promise, and which I have not taken the pains to reclaim.

* * * * * * * *

The only unfortunate consequence for me in this affair is, that it deprives me of the much desired opportunity of seeking to merit the good opinion of the citizens of Philadelphia, such good judges of theatrical exhibitions. I hope they will have the generosity to believe in the sincerity of my regrets.

The citizens of New-York, of every class, deign to receive me with so much kindness, and the applause with which they recompense the efforts which I make to gratify them, have rendered this hospitable country so dear to me, that I felicitate myself every day with the hope of remaining for some years in the midst of this generous people.

The offers which have been made to me here, will possibly occupy me for a year in this good city. Nevertheless, I shall be ready to receive terms from the principal theatres of the United States, if the remuneration which is offered to me is made upon a just principle of distribution, proportionate to the receipts which I have the good fortune to be the means of bringing to the house, and as an indemnification of the fatigues which consume a certain portion of my existence and strength at each representation.

CITY SUBSCRIBERS

Are respectfully informed that our agent, Mr. JOHN LEMPS, will wait upon them immediately for their subscriptions, when we trust that, taking into consideration the fact that bills have not been presented them for nearly a year, they will not be backward in coming forward with their several amounts upon the present occasion. It will be "doing the handsome thing" if gentlemen engaged in business will, in their absence, leave "the needful" at their residences. Mr. Biddle's "monsters" and similar "curiosities" received at par. While we "expect every man to do his duty," those who may flare up and "drop their tin in advance" will "receive the thanks of the advertiser, and no questions asked!"

The Mirror is improving every week lately, and sparkles with gems of literature and poesie. One of the Editors, FAY, is appointed Secretary of Legation to the Court of St. James, and WILLIS is expecting daily a like appointment to the Court of Vienna. We suppose Monsieur, le Colonel, being proprietor as well as co-editor, will consider any ordinary dignity in the gift of the powers that be, as beneath him. There is "some talk" of making him an Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Terra del Fuego, if such a kingdom is to be found on terra firma, which would indeed be an extraordinary embassy. By the way, Willis Gaylord Clarke is making interest for an attache-ship to the Legation composed of disappointed office seekers, about to be sent to the Dismal Swamp, while his more sensible namesake, McDonald, is awaiting his appointment to a mission to the Mountains of the Moon. We shall not only "protest" against but "veto" any appointment of our friend Col. Morris, save to the mayoralty, or the station occupied by that little god of war, the late Gen. Morton. We can't spare him. Who shall write farewell addresses for pretty actresses—put down the rioters—get up benefits—call out the blood-thirsty militia—write poetry for ladies albums—patronize native artists—keep the Mirror where it is and where it ought to be—give grand military balls—show up the literary humbugs—bring out the dormant talent of the country—become a peace-maker between belligerants—tickle the Recorder—perpetrate the autobiography of Old Hays, or dilate upon the glories and dirty streets of good old Gotham, when the Colonel is charged to "take up his bed and walk" across the ocean, or into the middle of next week. If ever a bill does pass the Senate, appointing him to office abroad, we hope Mr. Van Buren will "pocket the affront" or the Colonel, which ever he pleases, as General Jackson did the repeal of the Specie Circular, or as Major Noah threatened to "sarve out" Little Delaware. We must not forget to say that Willis has a most capital article in the Mirror of to-day, upon the "Closing Scenes of the Session" at Washington, which we would copy, but that we have an article from a correspondent upon the same subject.

THEATRICAL ACCIDENT.—Mr. William Sefton, the leading melo dramatic actor at the Bowery and Franklin theatres, having failed to appear at the latter on Monday evening last, as announced, his comical brother John came forward and in true lugubrious *Jemmy Twitcher* accents, made an apology to the following effect:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—The manager throws himself upon your kind indulgence this evening for the non-appearance of Mr. Wm. Sefton, as announced in the bills of the day, [groans, cat calls, and "What's the matter," from the pit], and when I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that this disappointment arises solely from an *accident*, which befel my brother last evening, you will, I am confident, acquit him of any neglect of his duties or want of respect towards the numerous and intelligent audience assembled here this evening. [Cheers from the pit and gallery.] I trust, ladies and gentlemen, that the peculiar situation of my brother will claim a portion of your generous sympathy, [renewed applause, in which the boxes joined.] "*Accidents*" like the one that has befallen my brother, "*will* happen in the best regulated families," though they seldom occur but once to the same individual, [considerable feeling about, among the female women, for smelling bottles and handkerchiefs,] and when he shall have recovered sufficiently to have the power to appear again before you, the kind feeling extended to him in his present situation will, I am sure, inspirit him to renewed efforts, [cheers, tears, and sobs, with several shouts of "what ails him?" "where was he hurt?"] Distressing to myself, as you may naturally suppose it to be, ladies and gentlemen, to recount the particulars of the recent casualty which deprives my brother of the pleasure of appearing before you this evening, I cannot refuse to answer to the call just made from several parts of the house. ["That's it, Sefton, out with it!"] [Here Sefton, with the flap of his coat tail at his eye, and his comic phiz screwed into a Liston grimace, came up to the footlights and stated]—Ladies and Gentlemen, as Miss ANNE WARING, of the Bowery theatre, and my brother were quietly standing in the parlor of Mr. Marsh, at Jamaica, last evening, a clergyman of that place suddenly married them, and immediately left the house, which I hope will satisfactorily account for the non-appearance of Mr. Sefton this evening, as it will be his study to guard against the occurrence of any similar accident!"

We need not say that the house was convulsed with laughter at John's apology, and that he retired amidst tremendous cheers from boxes, pit and gallery.

Steam Packets to Charleston.—Capt. PENNOYER, late of the Dolphin, and formerly of the David Brown, is "a making the chips fly" at the Dry Dock, where the keel of a new steam packet was laid last week, and another will be probably, before next Saturday. The Stock for two or three more, if under Capt. P.'s direction, would be subscribed for by the merchants of this city. Capt. Pennoyer will run a steam packet daily to Charleston, and have a regular weekly line between New York and Liverpool before *his* "byler's busted." Steam navigation is yet in its infancy; we recollect being launched in the David Brown, and of the thousands that saw her gracefully glide into her native element, not one in five hundred would have ventured in her upon her first voyage to Charleston.

A Philadelphia correspondent writes that the beautiful opera of the *Pirate Boy* has been highly successful. The WATSONS are great favorites, and their benefits were crowded. PLUMER was also warmly received there in the Pirate Boy, and the Prince in Cinderella.

Sporting Intelligence.

SPLENDID MATCHES IN MISSISSIPPI.

Hinda vs. *Kathleen*.—Col. O. CLAIBORNE, of Natchez, agrees to run his b. f. *Hinda*, by Sir Richard, dam by Rockingham, against Mr. WM. J. MINOR's (of same city) ch. f. *Kathleen*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally Bell, by Pacolet, Four mile heats, for $10,000 a-side, h. ft.; race to come off over the Pharsalia Course, on the Tuesday before the Spring meeting of 1838, of the Natchez Jockey Club.

Angora vs. *Linnet*.—Col. A. L. BINGAMAN, of Natchez, agrees to run his ch. f. *Angora*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Patty Puff, by Pacolet, against Mr. THOS. J. WELLS' (of Alexandria, La.); ch. f. *Linnet*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney, Three mile heats, for $10,000 a-side, h. ft.; race to come off over the Pharsalia Course, on Wednesday in the week previous to the annual Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, of 1838.

Rodolph vs. *Kathleen* or *Linnet*.—Col. O. CLAIBORNE agrees to run his b. h. *Rodolph*, Four mile heats, against Minor & Wells' *Kathleen* or *Linnet*, (pedigrees above,) as they may nominate at the post, for Twenty Thousand Dollars a-side, h. ft.; race to come off on the Tuesday following, two weeks after the Spring meeting of the Natchez J. C., in 1838, over the Pharsalia Course.

Fanny Wright vs. *Extio*.—Col. A. L. BINGAMAN agrees to run his ch. f. *Fanny Wright*, by Bertrand, dam by Eagle, Four mile heats, 90 lbs. upon each, against Mr. THOS. J. WELLS' ch. f. *Extio*, by Leviathan, out of White Feathers, for $5000 a-side, h. ft.; race to come off over the Pharsalia Course, Natchez, during the week preceding the annual Spring meeting of the Jockey Club in 1838.

To Mr. T. T. Tunstall, Owner of VOLCANO, of Arkansas.

SIR,—At your request on my return to Nashville, I made known your proposition to run *The get of Volcano*, in three several matches, over the Nashville Course, next May twelvemonths, colts to be then three years old, mile heats, two mile heats, and three mile heats, for $1000 a-side, half forfeit, against *The get of any Stallion in Tennessee*.

The OWNERS OF MERLIN have requested me to notify you that they *accept* your proposition, and will designate three of *Merlin's* get, and execute a bond for the forfeit as soon as you forward a bond with your specification of the colts you will run, to the proprietor of the Nashville Course. The Owners of *Merlin* will leave it to your option to run for $1000 or $2000 a-side; they are very responsible men, and are apprised of the responsibility of the backers of Volcano. *Tennessee* claims *Arkansas* for her daughter;—she is willing to test the blood of her descendants. JAS. H. BRADFUTE.

Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 25, 1837.

P.S. The Editor of the Spirit of the Times will confer a favor on Merlin's Owners, and a subscriber, by giving the above an insertion.

Yours, respectfully, J. H. B.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

On dit.—BUCKLEY is *not* to train *Post Boy* next season, report says. Post Boy, Red Russet, and a fine three year old, were to leave Red Hook this week, for their training stable on Long Island, under the charge of LYNCH, formerly in Col. JOHNSON'S stable, as we hear.

There are more horses in exercise at the North preparatory to a regular course of training than at any previous season. The Jersey stables are in great force, and the young things are particularly fine. On Long Island there is great note of preparation, and rubbers, and riders are fast getting the kinks out of their joints. The horses generally look uncommonly well, and the three and four yr. olds are not only more numerous, but are considered a far more promising lot than the Island ever turned out in a single season. Many will be disappointed if another *Bascombe* or *Fanny Wyatt* should not turn up.

☞ *Natchez Jockey Club Races*, commenced on the 1st instant, over the Pharsalia Course, and we have received from our Special Correspondent a full report by the Express Mail, but at too late an hour for our paper this week. The purse of $400, two mile heats, was won by Mr. Minor's *Extio*. The Pharsalia Cup, value $450, ent. added, was carried off by Mr. Minor's *Kathleen*. The inside stake of $5000 on this race, between *Jim Polk* and *Antelope*, was won by the former. The purse of $1200, four mile heats, was won by Col. Bingaman's *Fanny Wright*, beating *Linnet*, *Hinda*, and *Daniel O'Connell*. Forfeits were paid on the inside stakes of $10,000, h. ft., between *Linnet* and *Hinda*, both being out of order, the latter especially so; *Fanny Wright* also received forfeit from *Dick Chinn*, in an inside stake of $1000, h. ft., the latter not being entered for the purse. The purse of $700, mile heats, was taken by Col. Bingaman's *Angora*, who walked over. In order to make room for a volume of important Sporting Intelligence we are reluctantly compelled to omit our correspondent's report of these races until another week.

The present season is peculiarly favorable for Northern stables, which will have a month's earlier training than usual. The frost will soon be out of the ground, and most of the training tracks are already in tolerable order. The prospects of the next campaign at the North are cheering in the highest degree. In the course of a few weeks, we shall be enabled to give our readers full details of the sport that may be expected at the Spring meetings, with some shrewd *guesses* of the game nags that are to figure in the list of winners in 1837.

Quarter Race at Harlem for $200 a-side.—This sporting affair came off last Saturday, and excited considerable interest among the denizens of Harlem and "city folks" in attendance. The distance run was 80 rods, which resulted in Mr. Campbell's s. h. *Bullet* beating Mr. Gildersleeve's bay mare, both cocktails, after a well contested race. The game nags are to run another match on Monday next, for $300, over the same track—Harlem Trotting Course—when lots of fun is expected.

The "*Mulberry Course*" is the name given by Mr. ISAAC H. OLIVER, to his new race track, near Fredericksburgh, Va. Mr. O. writes us that his buildings are "under way," and that when completed, his course and fixtures will rank among the best in the country. His Spring meeting commences on Tuesday, the 30th of May.

HUGH CARLIN, Esq., Alexandria, La., has sold one half of *Extio*, (by Leviathan out of White Feathers), to THOS. J. WELLS, Esq., of the same place, at a very high figure.

Mr. JAMES H. DAWSON has sold his two year old colt *Longitude*, by Leviathan, already a winner, to Mr. WILMARTH, of Alexandria, La., for $2000.

Col. O. Claiborne has purchased Mr. L. COCK's interest in *Jim Polk*, by Stockholder, dam by Eagle.

Bill Austin.—A letter from one of the owners of this celebrated racer informs us that he is *not* lame, but that he was lost the use of one of his eyes. He stands the present season at Newberry and Union C. H., South Carolina, at $30 the season.

Mr. FRIAR, Col. SINGLETON'S trainer, (of S. C.,) is to sail for England next month, on business connected with his profession. It is evident the South Carolinians are determined to beat us, if possible, and faith they will, too, if we are not wide awake.

We regret to learn of the sudden demise at Natchez of WILEY DAVIS, Esq., of Tchula, Hermes Co., Miss., aged 40.

Challenge for $2000, Gerone vs. Target.—The Georgia Constitutionalist of the 10th inst. contains the following facetious banter from HAMMOND, the trainer, to Capt. JAMES J. HARRISON, to run a match over the Lafayette Course, at Augusta:—

☞ A CENTRE SHOT AT TARGET.—On the 2d Monday in March next, at the Lafayette Course, I will fire at Capt. Harrison's TARGET, at the distance of one mile, best two out of three, and I will bet Capt. Harrison Two Thousand Dollars, half forfeit, that I kill him dead, or cripple him for life, with my well mounted Rifle called GERONE, that was manufactured by that celebrated mechanic Henry, out of the tough metal Eclipse.—The money can be staked and the particulars agreed upon by calling on me at any moment.

M. L. HAMMOND.

LETTER FROM AN AMERICAN TURFMAN IN ENGLAND.

Breeding and Racing in England—Lord Chesterfield's Stud—Selection of Stock—Get of Sultan and Partisan—Bay Middleton and Venison—Characteristics of the Whalebone, Camel, Orville and other Stock—On training two year Olds—Breeding—Anecdote of Preserve—Lord Jersey, etc.

LONDON, 26th January, 1837.

MR. W. T. PORTER, Editor of the NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Breeding the blood horse and racing are every day more and more becoming quite different pursuits in England. Racing has never been in higher vogue, nor entered upon with better feeling and spirit than at the present day.—The nation is eminently prosperous, and there is plenty of money as well in the hands of the middle classes as of the more wealthy commoners and noblemen to carry it on in all its branches, with system and energy and spirit. Breeding is exposed to such a variety of casualties and adventitious circumstances, merely hinted at in my last communication, that nearly all the great patrons of the turf are reducing their number of mares, many disposing of the whole, preferring rather to trust to the chance of picking up here and there a young'un that strikes their fancy or is recommended by their head trainers, who, by the bye, possess a wonderful influence over their masters' opinions, and power over their purses in all matters relating to the stable. LORD CHESTERFIELD who probably kept the largest number of bloods and half breeds of any noblemen in the kingdom, at his breeding, training and hunting establishments, has sold off nearly all his brood mares. They had been selected without regard to price, and were among the best in England: he sold a large number at auction, and afterwards put a mark upon *all* the rest, with directions to sell any the purchasers might prefer at the price fixed, but to stop when all were disposed of but six. He was willing to keep that number and no more, and was quite indifferent which six were left upon his hands. There is at present but little blood in England but what has strong racing pretensions, and in making selections for the breeding stud, the proprietor has special regard to form, size, soundness and temper, trusting to judicious fashionable crosses, good management, and ample accommodations for a successful result. It is true some have a character for soundness, and others for speed, &c. &c.; but in breeding nature takes such whimsical freaks in her productions, that the wisdom of man with all his sagacious and profound calculations is oftentimes most unaccountably frustrated.

For example: it had been a long time supposed that the get of *Sultan*, to which acknowledged speed was conceded, lacked stoutness for the long courses under high weights. Hence, probably the character of *Bay Middleton* was not risked in last year's St. Leger, but as he afterwards beat the St. Leger crack in a canter, no one now doubts he would have added that to his numerous laurels it he had gone for it; and his brother, I have little doubt, will be first favorite for the next St. Leger, as he is now among the first for the Derby. By adverting to the winners of 1836, it will appear that the Sultan stock have sustained themselves most triumphantly, at all ages and upon all the courses, whether short or long, with high as well as light weights. Then again, there is one of *Partizan's* get, a mere pigmy in stature, has established a reputation for stoutness which nobody supposed he could have possessed, regarding the general character of both the paternal and maternal families from which he descended. I allude to *Venison*, out of Fawn, by Smolensko, who won, I believe, a dozen plates and cups as a three year old—prizes which are the peculiar reward of stoutness.

In reference to this little prodigy, it may be remembered that he has uniformly been in high health, in good condition, and a hearty feeder,—the nourishment taken has gone to increase his strength and substance, not to enlarge his size.—This observation may also apply with equal force to some of the Sultan's, (generally of gigantic stature) which have distinguished themselves the late season on the long courses, and who have shown an unwonted ability to run on.

This stock may be characterized and readily distinguished from others by the great length of carcase, hollow back, low loin, and immensely powerful quarters. The *Whalebone* family are remarkable for stoutness and the excellence of their legs and hoofs, yet but few of the *Camels* are to be relied upon for a long day, besides they are heavy and coarse. The descendents of *Orville* through *Emilius* and *Muley*, are uniformly of good size and form—your beau ideal of a race horse—yet their legs are often defective; and the curb is not uncommon in nearly all the large fashionable strains of the present day. The *Langars* are noted for the awkward set of the ear, being lop-eared like *a cow's*, and the *Blacklock* strain, *Velocipede* and his get, stand very straight upon their hind legs, the very reverse of a Virginian's pacing hack. Indeed they all have distinguishing peculiarities, some of which may be considered excellencies, whilst others may be safely pronounced defects; yet each has its admirers and advocates, and I may add its backers too. So much depends upon the management, care and judgment in breeding and training, that with the proper attention to these matters, trumps may be expected from each and every horse.

Colts put into strong work at 2 year old, that is, trained for public exhibition at that age, in the manner they prepare them at Newmarket, must *be all sound* and well matured not to shew some defect or weakness. In some instances their engagements are so important, that even with visible signs of failure, the owner prefers rather to take the risk of starting, and the chance of selling, than withdrawing him from the turf and giving him another year to come again; but in such cases the colt is of course ruined, either in first or second hands, when with proper indulgence, at this critical period, he might have entirely recovered, and if not as conspicuous for early and late performances on the turf as many of his cotemporaries, yet he might prove a valuable acquisition to the breeding stud. Indeed, many such might safely be preferred to those that train and run on at all seasons and over all courses, from the two yr. old to the veteran of the B. C. at six years of age. Such necessarily contract a rigidity of the muscles, which without indulgence and proper relaxation, unfits them for the breeding stud. Do not understand me as disparaging performance on the turf, for that must ever be considered as the best evidence of superiority, and as the standard of excellence; but the unnatural conformation of the members, produced by intense stable discipline from the beginning, with a single eye to turf engagements, without judicious relaxation, is no doubt liable to the objections above alluded to. Hence it is that individuals of good form, in high health, of a racing family, though not distinguished for their turf performances, often become the very pride of the breeding stud. Begin when you will, and with what materials you may, the whole treatment and discipline of training stables is as diametrically opposed to the breeding system as light to darkness. The one is a life of severe labor on the high pressure system to develope the physical powers, whilst the other is a course of unremitted indulgence and quiescence.

In England, as well as America, no man breeds without a special regard to the *stoutness* of the stock; but in England, fashion requires colts to possess a *precocious stoutness*, without which they are unfit for early performances. Hence they force them, like exotics in a hot house, to early maturity, work them hard, ruin a vast number in private, and fail with a large majority of those brought out; but when one out of a thousand passes triumphantly through the fiery ordeal, both in private and public, he is a fortune to his owner, and in later years, almost invariably establishes a reputation for stoutness, equal to his success on the short courses at an earlier period. Where there are exceptions to this rule, they generally proceed from some incident or peculiar circumstance, in nowise attributable to family failing. An incident is related of *Preserve*, who ran 2d for the Oaks in 1835, well worth recording, and remembering, too, on both sides of the water. She is perhaps as faultless a piece of horseflesh as walks the English soil; at least, she is the most perfect I have ever seen anywhere. She was deservedly first favorite for the Oaks, from her public performances, and her private trials were quite satisfactory. Mr. GREVILLE, however, having laid out a good deal of money on her, and wishing to make assurance doubly sure, determined to put her to a most severe and unusual trial, only a few days before the race; and for fear the particulars of the trial should become public, concealed from *every one*, groom, jockey, trainer, and all, the weight carried in this last and final trial, which was 135lbs., being about 20lbs. more than she would carry in the race. Thus packed with such an enormous burthen, the Spring she was 3 years old, Preserve was made to go the Derby course against a thorough-going trial horse, of mature age, with his proper weight. She ran out strong, and with all these disadvantages was scarcely beaten a length, and the performance was entirely satisfactory to the owner, who remained alone in the secret. But the public got wind that she was second in the trial, and the farther she receded in the betting, the more her owner laid it on, being perfectly sanguine of winning the stakes, even against that capital nag, the *Queen of Trumps*, whose party was equally sanguine. Preserve ran 2d to the Queen, and on inquiry of the Jockey afterwards, it appeared that she went very satisfactorily until he called upon her towards the close, for a rush, when he discovered that the *run was out with her: she was utterly unable to increase the pace, but died away from exhaustion, having been overworked* in her severe trial a few days previously, the effects of which were just now beginning to develope themselves. Thus was one of the best fillies of her year sacrificed to the ambition of her owner, whose conscience I doubt not has oftentimes reproached him for this unwonted severity to his greatest favorite.

Yours, &c., B.

P.S. As I write without the book, I may sometimes lead you into errors, and where you have the authorities at hand, you ought to correct all inadvertencies. One would infer from some remarks of mine heretofore, that *Bay Middleton* was distinguished for his 2 year old performances, which I believe is a mistake, as I have no recollection of his being out that year, but on the contrary, think he was reserved expressly for the Derby. Lord JERSEY, his owner, is among the most practical and successful patrons of the English Turf. It is quite a hobby with him, and his observations and experience in all matters relative to the horse are of great value, having given the subject a good deal of attention for the last *thirty years*. He is rather opposed to bringing out 2 year olds, and if Bay Middleton did show that year, it is rather an exception to his general rule, especially if he entertains a good opinion of his colt.

I hope not to give offence to American trainers by the remarks made about the *starving* process, to reduce a nag to apparent condition in the shortest possible time. Such things, absurd as it may be, I know have been done, but I hope, for the credit of our sportsmen, that they are less common than I may have supposed. B.

THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES

Commenced over the Eclipse Course, on Wednesday week last, the 14th inst., with every prospect of great sport. Our special reporter will be in attendance, and daily furnish the results by the Express Mail. The New Orleans Commercial Bulletin gives the following list of distinguished turfmen who had arrived with their stables:—

We noticed a day or two since the completion of the Eclipse Course, and the anticipated arrival of many fine horses. Since then, we are gratified to learn that more than thirty horses have arrived, embracing some of the very finest racers in the Union. That the public may judge for themselves of the character and quality of these new comers, we proceed to give a list of the stables and horses, as far as they have been made known to us. Col. A. L. Bingaman's stable, including Fanny Wright, who took the purse at Natchez last week on the day of the four mile heats; Angora, famed for her contest with Rodolph last Fall, at Louisville, and twice victorious at Natchez, Naked Truth and Tiskimingo. Messrs. Wells & Miner's stable, containing the renowned Linnet, Extio, Wings, Cathleen, a distinguished winner, and Jane Elliott. Dr. Smith's stable (of Attakapas) numbering Wingfoot, Sally Medley, a winner over the Central Course, at Baltimore, and two others—Mr. Garrison's stable, of Norfolk, Virginia, comprising Bumper, Glorvina, Virginia Fairfield, and Virginia Graves, all of which have been successful over the best courses in Virginia and the Northern States. Dr. Smith's stable, containing Annette Lyle and others, and Mr. Routh's stable, including the noted Hard Heart and several more. We have also seen a letter from the trainer of Col. O. Claiborne's stable, stating that he will be here to-day with the great Champion of the West, Rodolph, Antelope, Jim Polk, and Susan Yandell. Col. Johnson and Mr. Starke, of Mobile, are also expected to-day with American Citizen, Birmingham, Red Maria, Betsey Rocheleau, and others. This number alone, without many others already here, and more anticipated, will, we believe, embrace more distinguished races than have ever appeared at one time on any course in the Union, and will afford without doubt more contests of surpassing interest than have ever been witnessed together in the South or West. The prospect for good racing is indeed gratifying, and must convince the most sceptical of the complete and unparalleled success of the new course. The expectations of the most sanguine are in truth more than realized, and Capt. Oliver's enterprise, seconded by the liberality of the Jockey Club, has more than redeemed the splendid promises made in his publication some time since, relative to the intended entertainments at the coming races.

A match race for $300 a-side was to have come off over the Lafayette Course, Augusta, Ga., on the 18th inst., between *John Bull* and *Bill O'Rourke*. If worth ink and paper, some one will send us a report, perhaps.

INTERESTING PEDESTRIAN MATCH TO BRIGHTON,

Between Townsend and Berry, for £50 a-side.

This match came off on Monday, (Jan. 30th,) and excited a considerable degree of interest among the patrons and admirers of pedestrian feats. The distance to be performed was from the Elephant and Castle to the New Church, Brighton, rather more than 51 miles, and each man was to make the best of his way, without restriction as to pace, provided he received no assistance in completing his task, beyond any refreshment which he might require. Townsend is a native of Lewes, Sussex, (where his father is town crier, an office which he has held for thirty years,) and has from his youth been distinguished for his tentoed talent, having performed upwards of 200 matches of various descriptions, in running and walking, short and long distances, and in picking up stones a yard apart. He is in his 45th year, and is short but muscular in his frame; of sound constitution, temperate in his habits, industrious, and, above all, trustworthy. He has been for some time, and is now engaged by the Westminster Gas Company as a gas-lighter. Berry is a Lancashire man, 35 years of age, shorter and lighter than Townsend, and of a more blood-like frame. He has long been known as a good ten mile runner, a task which he has performed in 57 minutes, and has been repeatedly engaged in such contests both against men and time. He has not, however, led so regular a life as Townsend, and is not, therefore, so sound at bottom; and, as it turned out, does not possess the same lasting qualities, although a much lighter and quicker runner. Townsend's pace of late years has been walking, and not running, (he recently won a walking match of 50 miles, against a man named Smith, on Blackheath, performing the distance, "fair toe and heel," in nine hours and a half,) and this, combined with his advanced years, induced Berry's backer, who is a gentleman of respectability, to allow him "twenty minutes start." Great care was taken in the training of both men; and both concluded their exercise on the road on which their merits were to be put to the test: Townsend at "The Swan," at Reigate, and Berry at "The Sun," at Crawley. This afforded them sufficient opportunities to familiarize themselves with the road, and to select the most favorable points. Berry, at the outset of the match, was the favorite in some instances at 7 to 4, but the "judges" did not place much confidence in his lasting qualities, however they might admire his speed, and before starting Townsend was their favorite at 5 to 4. It was agreed that the start should take place from the door of the Elephant and Castle precisely at eight o'clock on Monday morning; and in order to be in readiness, the men were brought to town on Sunday, Townsend "casting his anchor" at Tom Spring's, and Berry under the "surveillance" of his backer. They were equally confident; and such was Townsend's reliance on his own power, that he declared he should not stop till he got into Brighton, and would have no preparations made for such a contingency, beyond having a change of clothes ready for him if required. Berry's backer, more prudent, arranged that he should stop at Reigate, and at the King's Arms, Hazledean, where preparations were made for his reception. Two umpires were chosen for each man, who rode in gigs; these persons accompanying them throughout their progress, changing horses on the road. A post carriage also accompanied each man, in which were their backers and friends, provided with the requisite refreshments.

Precisely at eight o'clock all the preliminaries were completed—and two minutes after Townsend came forth, attired in a lamb's wool shirt, long cotton drawers, short stockings, and high-low shoes, with a "bird's-eye blue" handkerchief round his waist, a small cap on his head, and a slight cane in his hand. At the word "go," he was off like a shot, at a free and steady pace, taking the path at the right hand side of the road, and crossing to the other side as occasion required, so as to cut off corners and semicircles. In the twenty minutes' start he reached Clapham Common, or nearly three miles in advance, and at that moment Berry was also started. Berry looked extremely well, and ran in remarkably pretty form, with his arms up, and almost pinned to his side, as if avoiding all unnecessary action with his limbs. The crowd assembled was immense, and each as he commenced his labors was loudly cheered, as well as accompanied by a vast number of persons on foot, on horseback, in gigs and carts, most of whom were gradually shaken off as the distance increased. Townsend pursued "the even tenor of his way" with great steadiness, the whole population of the villages through which he passed being out to see him and his opponent go by. At Mitcham he took some strong calves foot and jelly, which he ate from his hand, and this was all he took in the shape of food throughout. He occasionally changed his run to a fast walk, a plan which he pursued the whole journey. He performed the first ten miles in one hour and ten minutes. From Sutton to Reigate the roads were in a dreadful state—added to which a drizzling rain, and a searching head wind, meeting him full in the face came on, thus increasing the difficulties of the journey. He reached Reigate in two hours and 42½ minutes, but still pursued his labors while the umpires and his friends changed horses. At this moment the partisans of Berry came galloping into the town, and announced that Berry was only five minutes behind, having thus gained in the first twenty miles nearly fifteen minutes. On Berry's arrival he immediately entered the Swan, and was completely stripped and rubbed down by Jack Clarke, his trainer. He was in no respect distressed, and was soon attired in fresh clothing and shoes. He stopped altogether ten minutes and a half, and then re-started, his friends and himself in high spirits.

Up to this period it was remarked that Berry never changed his pace, but ran all the way. Townsend in the interim took an occasional drop of brandy, or sherry, and paid another visit to the jelly, but evinced no desire to stop, although he began to slacken his pace, and walk more frequently. He had completed his 25 miles in three hours and thirty-four minutes; and here intelligence reached him that Berry was gaining upon him—a fact which was soon demonstrated, by his being seen on the road behind, about a mile distant. Still the old man jogged on, but did not quicken his pace; indeed, he shewed evident symptoms of fatigue. At this crisis the contest became extremely interesting, and many bets were made as to which would get into Crawley first. All doubt on this head was, however, soon dissipated, for Berry did not slacken his speed, and precisely at the Oak which marks the separation of the counties of Sussex and Surrey he went ahead, and gradually increased his distance to about one hundred and fifty yards in advance, as they entered Crawley, which was at five minutes after 12. The backers of Berry were now in high glee, and the Brighton coachmen coming up to town conveyed the welcome intelligence to his partizans, who were in consequence offering long odds on his winning; and the same cheering news was conveyed by the coaches down to Brighton.

At Crawley Townsend was joined by Fuller, who had been training with him for his walking match with Burn. He urged him forward, but the "old un" had lost his elasticity of spring and spirits, and was obviously flagging; he had, however, completed his 30 miles in four hours and twenty minutes. Here his pace became a moderate walk—the cold wind and continued rain had chilled him, and he began to feel symptoms of cramp in his legs. Mr. Parker, the landlord of the Swan, who accompanied him on horseback, immediately rode forward to a small public house, at Pease Pottage Gate, about a mile and a half further, where he obtained a room with a blazing fire, laid a feather bed and blankets before it, and was ready to receive the "way worn traveller" the moment he arrived. Here Townsend was "dead beat," and threw himself on his back on the bed, while he was quickly stripped of his wet clothing. He complained of cramp in his legs and thighs, which were gently rubbed; after which he was well covered with blankets, if possible to promote perspiration, for which he expressed the strongest desire. He declared he never had been similarly affected before, and attributed it to the cold wind and rain. One of his backers, who was present, was so persuaded that he could not go further, that he proposed sending forward to announce his defeat; but this was overruled. Townsend now declared that in five minutes more he should be ready. The time was allowed, and he then started up, and was quickly provided with fresh drawers, stockings, and shoes. He immediately took some warm tea and brandy, and, seizing his cane, started out of the cottage like a deer, resuming his pace as fresh as if he had but just started. Thirty-five minutes had, however elapsed, and as it was calculated that at this time Berry was not less than four miles ahead, little confidence of ultimate success was entertained. Still, one of his staunch friends remarked, "the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" and as Berry had not yet won, and the very rapidity of his pace might so diminish his powers as yet to give the game qualities of Townsend the advantage, he said, for one, he did not despair. In the interim Berry pushed on, and did not change his pace from running to walking till he reached the hill approaching Hand-cross, up which he went slowly, eating and drinking as he progressed. At two minutes before one o'clock he reached Hand-cross, 32¼ miles from the Elephant and Castle, and at twenty minutes before two he arrived at the King's Arms, (the Old Pitt's Head,) his second resting-place. Here he was again stopped, and rubbed down, for he felt all the vicissitudes of the weather with as much severity as his antagonist, although the effects were not exhibited in the same manner. His period of rest was, however, curtailed by the announcement of the approach of Townsend, and, just as the old man passed the King's Arms, after a stoppage of sixteen minutes, he came forth, and again took the lead—Townsend observing as he passed by, "You may go on, but I shall overtake you before long."

The contest now became extremely interesting, but still youth was in the highest favor. Berry maintained his superiority to Hickstead, through which he passed three minutes in advance of Townsend. On topping the hill at Hickstead Townsend sat down on a chair to take some warm tea, but here he was again unfortunately seized with the cramp in his right leg. It was impossible for him to proceed, and he was immediately taken into the house, where he lay down on a sofa, and a heap of blankets and clothes were thrown upon him, while a large swelling in the calf of his right leg was rubbed till the contraction of the muscles was reduced. The humane feelings of his 'backers' again interposed, and a resolution was formed by him to give in. Still the lasting qualities of the man were urged, and the fable of "the tortoise and the hare" was called to his mind; and as Townsend himself had evidently made up his mind to proceed, it was determined to give him the chance, especially as word was brought by a scout that Berry could scarcely make a run, and this very slowly. The hills and heavy roads told much against his exhausted strength. While debating the subject the old man started up, and, "saying nothing to nobody," with surprising vigor started down the hill at the rate of eight miles an hour. The bustle of pursuit was not a little amusing, when all was supposed to be over, and three cheers gave wings to the old man's speed. "He'll win now!" all cried, and this impression was strengthened by some of the "up coachmen," who said Berry was "dead beat." When it was considered, however, that the latter was 25 min. in advance, and only eleven miles to go, none were sufficiently confident to back their opinion. The greatest astonishment was expressed at the renewed vigor of the veteran, who pursued a firm and rapid pace, now walking and now running, till he pulled up at a cottage door and called for a drink of cold water, which he preferred to brandy or sherry, of which he had previously partaken.—He now mended his pace a little, and was again cheered by Mr. Parker, who rode back to tell him the state of Berry, who was dreadfully fagged. All was now "hope renewed," and a shout of joy burst from every lip, when, from the top of a hill, the Berry cavalcade was seen, about 300 yards forward, winding through the valley. Fuller, who had been riding, having given up the game as lost, again joined his gallant companion, swore "he must win," and on he went without relaxing a muscle. Every step brought him nearer to his man and the realization of his own promise to overtake him was fast approaching.—A short distance from Patcham he was close to him. The excitement at this moment was tremendous, the road was thronged with horses, carriages, and pedestrians, and the cheers for Townsend were deafening. At last, between the 48th and 49th mile stone, the old boy, who kept on at a winning pace, while Berry was completely "knocked up," triumphed, and went ahead with renewed vigour. The event was again hailed with loud shouts. Berry's countenance betokened his mortification; from a heavy sluggish run he dropped into a walk, and at the 49th mile-stone was so far behind that all chance of regaining an advance was abandoned, and he was soon after taken into the carriage of his backer. Townsend seemed to derive new life from his certainty of victory, and rattled on, walking and running, as fast as the multitude collected, and who tumbled over each other in heaps as they got out of his way, would permit. His pristine freshness seemed to have been restored to him, and he smiled with conscious delight at sustaining the confidence of his friends. Such was the dense mass of persons collected in the immediate vicinity of the New Church, that he could with difficulty reach the railings to touch them, as agreed; but having thus made "assurance doubly sure," he was again greeted with renewed cheers. He completed his journey in exactly EIGHT HOURS and THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES, and could evidently have done the last seven miles within the hour, but for the crowds by which his steps were retarded. He went from Hickstead to Brighton, eleven miles, in exactly one hour and 43 minutes. He was immediately placed in a fly and conveyed to the New Ship Inn, where every attention was paid to him. He was there congratulated by hundreds of his admirers, among whom was his old father, whose pride was not a little elevated by the success of his "first-born." Having resumed his ordinary clothing and partaken of some brandy and water, he became as lively as a kitten, and in one hour more was on his journey back to London, at his own desire, in a post-carriage. At Reigate hundreds waited to greet his return, and literally carried him into the Swan, where they nearly "killed him with kindness." He reached the house of Tom Spring, who acted as umpire for him, accompanying Berry, at two in the morning, and was there again received by an overflowing company, who had patiently waited his arrival, with renewed testimonies of applause.—He could not be persuaded to stop although a bed had been provided for him; and to show that he was still unbeaten in mind or body, at four o'clock he walked home to his family, who live at Westminster, near the scene of his labors.

Berry remained at Brighton completely exhausted, but had every kind attention paid to his comforts. The chops and changes in this contest rendered it doubly interesting; and had the result been within ordinary calculation "hats full of money" might have been won, as both at Pease Pottage-Gate and Hickstead, it was any odds against Townsend; while to a late hour in London the odds, on the strength of the telegraphic hints of the Brighton coachmen, were everywhere "going begging." It was not till the Times coach, which left Brighton at half-past four, arrived, that the true state of the case was known, and even then doubts continued to be entertained, from the extraordinary degree of excitement which prevailed as the coach came out. The stakes are to be given up at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on Thursday evening next, when Townsend can be backed to walk 50 or 100 miles, or a longer distance, against any man in England, for a cool hundred.

It ought to be stated that the umpire of Berry, on Townsend's reaching the New Ship, at Brighton, entered the room in which he was, and manfully admitted that he never witnessed a fairer conduct, in the whole progress of the match, than had been observed by Townsend and his friends; and he congratulated him on his extraordinary perseverance, under circumstances of physical distress apparently insurmountable. We are inclined to think had both men stopped oftener, the distance would have been done in less time, and with less fatigue.—Nature was suffered to be too much exhausted before the requisite rest was allowed.

Bell's Life in London, 5th Feb.

Original Sporting Varieties.

PRIAM.

Mr. Editor,—An article under the head of "Errors Corrected," and over the signature of "Query," in your number of the 25th Feb., has induced me to furnish for your readers the following epitome of Priam's performances. I will give you, at an early day, a full memoir, compiled from authentic sources.

1830—Priam's 3 year old performances. He

1st. Won the Riddlesworth Stakes of 200 sovs. each (21 subs.) at Newmarket.
2d. Won the Column Stakes of 50 sovs. each (45 subs.) at Newmarket.
3d. Won a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each (10 subs.) at Newmarket.
4th. Won a Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each (4 subs.) at Newmarket.
5th. Won the Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each (89 subs.) at Epsom.
6th. Won a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each (18 subs.) at Ascot Heath.
7th. Ran 2d for the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each (68 subs.) at Doncaster, being beaten *half a length*. Even on Priam, and 15 to 1 against Birmingham: 28 started. It is agreed that *Priam ought to have won*. He was unquestionably a much superior horse to Birmingham.
8th. Won a match for 500 sovs., h. ft., at Doncaster.
9th. Won the Gascoigne Stakes of 100 sovs. at Doncaster.

This year won 8 times, and was beaten once, by half a length.

1831—Priam's 4 year old performances. He

1st. Won the Craven Stakes of 10 sovs. each (16 subs.) at Newmarket.
2d. Won the Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each (11 subs.) at Newmarket.
3d. Won a Match of 200 sovs. at Newmarket.
4th. Won the Gold Cup, value 300 sovs., &c. (37 subs.) at Goodwood.
5th. Won The Cup, Beacon Course, at Newmarket.
6th. Won a Match for 500 sovs. at Newmarket.

This year won six times, and not beaten.

1832—Priam's 5 year old performances. He

1st. Was beaten for the Craven Stakes at Newmarket by Chapman and Captain Arthur, beating 2 others—4 to 1 on Priam against the field. *Ought to have won.*
2d. Won the King's Plate, carrying 154lbs., R. C., nearly 4 miles, at Newmarket.
3d. Won the Eclipse Foot and 400 sovs. at Ascot Heath.
4th. Won the Gold Cup, value 300 sovs. &c. (33 subs.) at Goodwood.

He paid a compromise to Comarine, and a forfeit to Emancipation, giving him 9lbs.

This year he won three times, was beaten once, when he could have won with all ease, paid one compromise and one forfeit.

Priam's engagements were in all 21. He won 17 of them, was beaten twice paid a compromise once, and a forfeit once.

Priam often gave weight to the best horses—Fleur de Lis, Lucetta, Augustus, &c., as much as 16lbs. To Lucetta, the best mare of her year, he gave a year, and beat her with great ease. To Fleur de Lis he gave more than two years, and beat her easily. He beat Augustus, a very speedy horse, giving him 16lbs. A. F. about 1¼ miles. Priam won nearly $65,000, and lost less than $2,000. No horse, under the present system of handicapping, or any other perhaps, ever ran with the same success. Priam was always the favorite, often at the odds of two, three, and four to one on him against the field. When he started for the St. Leger, it was *even on him*, against 27 of the best colts in England. Mr. Chifney, after the race, offered to run Birmingham for 1000 guineas at Newmarket, Ditch In, giving Birmingham 3lbs., which was refused. He also offered to run him at Doncaster (1831) for 1000 gs., the same weights and course, which was also refused.

It will be seen from the above, that the statement in the Turf Register, that Priam had won 14 out of 15 engagements in two years, is *strictly correct*, and that *your correspondent is wrong*. Perhaps, however, his main object was to let the public know that he had been beaten by Chapman, out of the dam of the Comus horse recently imported. Agreed. Let it be known, but let all the circumstances be known also, and Priam need fear nothing. The betting, *four to one on Priam against eight entries*, 4 starting, shows pretty well the relative character of Priam and the others. But I will add some further evidence from the best English sporting works.

The New Sporting Magazine, vol. 3, page 133, says—"If proper orders had been given to the jockey, Priam would have *won with great ease*." The same work, vol. 4, page 77, says that "Priam could give from a stone to a stone and a half (from 14lbs. to 21lbs.) to either Chapman or Captain Arthur."

The Sporting Magazine, Second Series, vol. 5, page 3, commenting on this race, says—"Priam had previously beaten Augustus, giving him 16lbs., and Augustus had beaten Captain Arthur much in the same way." But the fullest account of this race is found in the review of the racing season of 1832, published in the 6th volume of the same work, which I shall give at length:—

"At the Newmarket Craven, to the regret of every lover of a first-rate race horse, I witnessed the best horse of his (or perhaps any) day, beaten by two devils little better than common hacks. Had Lord Chesterfield permitted Priam to make his own running, he would have won—it is difficult to say how easily. Why his Lordship, or his master of the horse, could have ordered Connelly to stay fighting with such things as Chapman and Arthur, and so oblige him to pull his horse all over the course, and out of his stride, I cannot imagine! It has frequently since annoyed me, because I value the honor and credit of such a horse as Priam; and the thought of it has often brought the finish of the race to my recollection—when at about one hundred yards from home, Connelly was pulling his horse double, with Jack Day on Chapman on his whip hand, and Robinson on Arthur at the lower side. These two accomplished artists, perceiving at a glance that Connelly was not prepared to go, with only so short a distance from home, each made a rush, and actually succeeded in reaching the post before Priam could understand what he was to do; for between being pulled double, and being kicked and cuffed, was only the work of a second—'True, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true.'"

So much, at present, for Chapman's and Captain Arthur's victory.

Priam was always a very splendid animal. He sold, when a yearling, for 1000 gs. Mr. Chifney, his owner, sold him, when 4 years old, to Lord Chesterfield for 2500 gs. Lord Chesterfield sold him last Fall to Dr. Merritt, for 3600 gs.

Priam, last year, had more 2 year old winners (the age of his oldest colts) than any horse in England. All his colts have shown *great stoutness or bottom.*

Yours, &c. M.

TURF MATTERS IN MISSISSIPPI.

Columbus, (Miss.) 2d March, 1837.

Dear Sir,—In looking over your paper of the 11th Feb., I saw a notice of a match race that was to come off over the Tuscaloosa Course on the 17th of Feb., between Dr. W. A. Lealand's horse *Nullification*, vs. Wm. Dunn's horse *John Anderson-my-Joe*, for $2000 aside, mile heats. This is an error,* and you will confer a favor by correcting the mistake.

John Anderson-my-Joe is owned by me, and is now in Gen. J. A. Mabry's training stable. Nullification and John Anderson-my-Joe run on the 1st Tuesday in April, (time of the Spring races) for $500 a-side, mile heats, and this is the only match race that he has to run. The race spoken of to have come off in February, was Nullification *vs.* Wm. Duke's sorrel gelding, for $2000 a-side, mile heats, and I think Mr. Duke has paid forfeit.

A word on our turf at this place. The track has been sold by the former owner, Mr. Eli Abbott, to two enterprising gentlemen from Virginia, who will spare neither pains nor expense in making it as fine a Course as any in the Union. The purses (which before were small) will be raised to $2700, and there will be six days running. I am requested by them to say, that the Spring races will commence over the Columbus Coutse, on the 18th of May, to continue six days, to wit:

FIRST DAY.—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds; $200 ent. Two or more to make a race.

Second Day	2 mile heats	Purse	$500.
Third Day	3 " "	Purse	700.
Fourth Day	4 " "	Purse	1000.
Fifth Day	Mile heats, 3 best in 5	Purse	300.
Sixth Day	Mandicap, mile heats	Purse	200.

The money will be put up every day, and no discount. The oldest established rules of Virginia to govern the Course.

We anticipate plenty of fun, as Lilac, Hugh L. White, Mary Queen of Scotts, Scarlett, Birmingham, and other distinguished nags are expected. You shall hear from us immediately after the races. Yours, &c.,

W. A. Verell.

*Mr. Verell will see that the error he refers to is contained in a letter from the Assistant Secretary of the Tuscaloosa Course, and over that gentleman's signature.—*Editor.*

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH HORSES IN CANADA.

Montreal, (L.C.) 11th March, 1837.

Sir—Observing that you are good enough to publish the pedigrees of horses for the *New American Stud Book*, I take the liberty of inclosing you a list of mine, and you will oblige me by giving them a place in your paper.

I have never seen any notice any where of an imported horse called *Coxe's Arab*. I have been told he was a very superior animal, and I send you the substance of his advertisement in an old paper. You will oblige me by giving such part of it publicity as you may think useful. He is the sire of the best mare I have; she is 16 hands high. Coxe's Arab covered in New Jersey several years, I have been told. I think it very probable he was a Barb.

I remain, your very ob't. servant, Benaiah Gibb.

Substance of a notice of an imported horse called *Coxe's Arab*, from an old paper.

In 1827 he is advertised to cover in Cincinnati, Ohio, at $20. He was imported from Tunis in 1816, by Charles D. Coxe, Esq., Consul of the United States at that place, by special permission of the Bey of Tunis. He is of the best caste called *Dashley*; in color a cinnamon satin sorrel, 15¼ hands high—he is the sire of the famous Bey of Tunis—Mahomet, and other winning horses.

Thorough bred stock formerly and now owned by B. Gibb, of Montreal, L.C.

No. 1.—Br. h. *Brilliant*, foaled in 1826, (own brother to Arab, Tariff, &c.), got by Sir Archy, his dam Bet Bounce by the Imp. horse Sir Harry, grandam by Imp. Medley, g. grandam by Mark Anthony, g. g. grandam by Imp. Jolly Roger, out of the imp. mare Jenny Cameron.—*Sold.*

No. 2.—B. h. *Roman*, foaled in 1825, got by the imp. horse Roman, his dam by Eclipse, grandam by Hamlet, g. grandam by Imp. Messenger, out of an imported mare.—*Sold.*

No. 3.—B. h. *Timoleon*, foaled in 1825, by Sir Charles, his dam by Shylock, grandam by Florizel (own sister to Tuckahoe), g grandam by Imp. Alderman, g. g. grandam by imp. Clockfast, g. g. g. grandam by Wildair.

No. 4.—Ch. m. *Berwickshire Lass*, (imported) foaled in 1818, got by Competitor (nearly the last get of Competitor, who was the last living son of Eclipse), her dam Columbine, by Star, grandam Whetherall's Paymaster mare, by Paymaster, dam to Doncaster.—*For Sale.*

HER PRODUCE SINCE I HAVE OWNED HER:

1830. Ch. c. Competitor, by Cock of the Rock.
1832. B. c. Vivian, (gelded) by Brilliant.
1834. B. f. " by Timoleon.
1835. C. c. " by Timoleon—(*dead*).
1836. Ch. c. " by Timoleon.

No. 5.—Br. m. *Molly Kelley*, foaled in 1820, got by Coxe's Arabian, her dam by Hickory, grandam the imp. mare Trumpetta, by Trumpator, great grandam by Highflyer, sister to Lambino.

No. 6.—Br. m. *Roxana*, foaled in 1827, got by John Richards, her dam by Hickory, grandam the imp. mare Trumpetta.

HER PRODUCE.

1833. B. c. by Brilliant. | 1836. Ch. f. by Timoleon.

No. 7.—Ch. m. *Miss Henry*, foaled in 1828, got by Henry, her dam Lady Rock (own sister to Count Piper) by Marshal Duroc, grandam by Imp. Expedition, g. grandam by Imp. Royalist, g. g. grandam by Imp. Magnetic Needle, g. g. g. grandam by Old Bajaset, g. g. g. g. grandam Selima, by Selim, g. g. g. g. g. grandam imp., by Pacolet out of White Neck, by Crab.

No. 8.—Ch. m. *Fanny Wright*, by Cock of the Rock, her dam Molly Kelley, No. 5.—*Sold.*

No. 9.—B. m. *Victoria*, by Sir Walter, her dam Roxana, No 6, foaled in 1832. Stinted to Timoleon.—*For sale.*

No. 10.—*Cottage Girl*, by Eclipse, her dam old Lady Grey, (bred in Virginia) by Florizel, grandam by Imp. Cormorant, g grandam Blue Skin by Imp. Clockfast, g. g. grandam by Imp. Medley.

HER PRODUCE SINCE I HAVE OWNED HER.

1836. Ch. c. by Henry. Stinted to Timoleon.

☞ Any of the above will be sold at low prices.

A WILD DUCK TAKEN WITH HOOK AND LINE.

Mr. Editor,—Some years since it was my good fortune, as well as a source of great pride, to be intimately acquainted with one of that band of patriots who, on the field of battle, won our independence. Of him it might be said, with perfect truth, that he lived "without fear and without reproach." A little quickness of temper would, at times, show itself, but it passed away like distant lightning, leaving "not a trace behind." Among the many accomplishments of my friend, that of trout-fishing was conspicuous, and if he could only fix his fly to catch the "wary trout," he was completely in his element.

Having made an engagement with him to indulge one afternoon in this delightful sport, I called agreeably to appointment—his nephew had taken his favorite rod to a creek to catch chub and sun-fish. This was enough in all conscience to try the patience of a tyro, but to my accomplished friend it was downright torment, and at one fell swoop he sent the whole *scaly* tribe to Jericho. Determined, however, not to be disappointed, he took his second best rod, and away we trudged to the Letart Spring—he taking one side of the stream, myself the other. In a very short time I had the good fortune to land four fine trout; the gallant Colonel had as many rises, but landed none. A new fly was bent, and just as he made another cast, a *Teal*, which lay concealed under the bank, on my side of the stream, took wing, and passing over the Colonel's head, came in contact with his line and fly! The rod snapped in twain—the duck came to the ground entangled and fluttering at the veteran's feet;—here was a dilemma, here was a second disappointment and complete discomfiture. Oh, for the pencil of a Hogarth to pourtray that scene at that very moment. A glance of his eye was cast, first at the broken rod, then at the fluttering duck. A foot was raised; it was ten to one that it descended on the unfortunate bird. The odds would have lost, for the foot was gradually withdrawn, and brought to its proper position; and turning so as to bring his face fully to bear on me, he stood and looked the very picture of despair. From the bottom of my heart I pitied him; who would not? At this critical juncture his little nephew arrived with the favorite rod; the duck was secured; the countenance of my gallant old friend brightened; a new line was bent, and good humor, good luck, or good fishing, gave him decidedly the advantage over me, both as to number and size of trout. In our walk back to Carlisle, he tried to conceal his now buoyant spirits, but in vain; for ever and anon I could hear him, as he was wont when elated with success, troll the revolutionary catch of

"Merrily danced the quaker's wife
And merrily danced the quaker."

Washington, March 18, 1837. G.

PETE WHETSTONE'S BEAR HUNT.

Devil's Fork of Little Red River, (Ark.) Feb. 15th, 1837.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Being that this is a rainy day, I thought I would write you about the bear hunt. Well, next morning after the fight with Dan Looney, I started out. I was mighty sore, I tell you, for Dan had thumped me in the sides till I was blue as indigo. I saddled my horse, got my wallet, and fetched a whoop, that started my dogs; they knew what I was after, and seemed mightily pleased. I took six with me, as good dogs as ever fought a bear. *Sharp-tooth* and *General Jackson*, if there was any difference, were a little the best. I struck for the Big Lick, where Sam Jones and Bill Stout were to meet me. I found them there—they had a good team of dogs. We had heard of great *sign* up the dry fork, and there we determined to go. It was about thirty miles off, and as we did not wish to fatigue our dogs, it took us until the middle of next day to reach it; we rested that evening, and put out by day-break next morning.

In about half an hour, old General raised a cry: I knew then we were good for a bear—the other dogs joined him. The track was cold; we worked with him till about ten, when they bounced him. Bill Stout was ahead, and raised the yell—such music, oh lord, and such fighting. I got the first shot; my gun made long fire, and I only slightly wounded him. At the crack of the gun the dogs gathered; he knocked two of my young dogs into the middle of next week before you could say Jack Robinson—the others kept him at bay until Bill Stout could shoot: his ball struck him too far back. He was a tremendous bear, and just lean enough to make a good fight. He made two other dogs hear it thunder, shook off the whole pack, and got into a thicket, and the next moment plunged down a steep cliff. I listened only for an instant, to hear the clear shrill note of Sharp-tooth, as he plunged in after him, and then socked the spurs into *Dry-bones*, and, with Bill Stout on *Fire-tail*, and Sam Jones on *Hard-times*, dashed round the hill. We rode for our lives, for we knew that many of our dogs would suffer if we did not relieve them. When we overtook them, they had him at bay; two dead, and three crippled dogs told of the bloody fight they had had. Sam Jones fired: the wound was that time mortal. At the crack of the gun, the dogs again clamped him; with a powerful reach of his paw, he grabbed the old General, and the next moment fastened his big jaws on him; this was more than flesh and blood could stand: I sprung at him with a butcher-knife, and the first lick sent it to the handle. He loosened his jaws, and Sam Jones caught the old General by the hind legs and pulled him away. I gave him one more stab, and he fell dead.

I examined the old General, and found that he was not much injured. We lost seven dogs that day, and many of the others were so badly crippled, as to render it necessary for us to lay by a few days. Sam found a bee tree, and I killed some fat turkies; with them, and the ribs of the old *he*, we had fine times. It has stopped raining, so I must stop for the present.

Ever yours, PETE WHETSTONE.

Pedigrees for the American Stud Book.

Georgetown, Scott Co. (*Ky.*), Feb. 23, 1837.

Dear Sir,—I send you, for insertion in the New American Stud Book, and in the Spirit of the Times, the pedigrees of blooded stock belonging to Mr. Junius R. Ward and myself. Very respectfully yours, Willa Viley.

Black-Eyed Susan, br. m., bred by Capt. Geo. Burbridge in 1821, was got by Tiger, dam by Albert, g. dam by Algerine, g. g. dam by Grey Alfred, g. g. g. dam a mare purchased in Virginia by Capt. George Burbridge for breeding, but whose pedigree is now lost.

PRODUCE.

1828. B. c. *Richard Singleton*, by Bertrand.
1829. B. c. *Plato*, by Sir William. [Sold to Wm. G. Haun, Esq.]
1830. Br. c. *Newcourt*, by Tarlton's Old Court, [Sold to Messrs. Secrest & Proctor, of Indiana.]
1831. Missed to McDuffie.
1832. B. f. *Missletoe*, by Cherokee.
1833. B. c. *Dick Johnson*, by Bertrand.
1834. B. f. by Bertrand.
1835. B. f. by Bertrand.
1836. Missed to Medoc.
1837. Stinted to Medoc.

Maria, br. m. bred by Walker Sanders in 1824, was got by Davis's Hamiltonian, dam Lady Grey, by Robin Grey, g. dam Maria, by Melzar, g. g. dam by imported Highflyer, g. g. g. dam by Baylor's Fearnought, g. g. g. g. dam by Ariel, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jack of Diamonds, out of Old Diamond, both imported by Gen. Spotswood, of Virginia.

PRODUCE.

1831. B. f. by Sumpter. [Dead.]
1832. Br. f. *Catherine Ogle*, by Trumpator.
1833. Br. c. *William T. Barry*, by Richard Singleton.
1834. B. f. by Bertrand.
1835. Br. c. by Bertrand.
1836. Br. f. by Richard Singleton.
1837. Stinted to Medoc.

I also send you the pedigree of Mr. Dickerson Parish's famous horse *Tiger*, as I have not seen it in your paper or in the American Turf Register.

Tiger, br. h., bred by Mr. John Harris in 1812 or 1813, was got by Cook's or Blackburn's Whip, dam by Gen. Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. dam by imported Figure, g. g. dam Old Slammerkin, by imported Wildair, g. g. g. dam the old imported Cub mare.

The pedigrees of other horses mentioned above, have been heretofore published in the Turf Register. W. V.

WIDE AWAKE AT BALTIMORE.

Baltimore, Md., 14th March, 1837.

Dear Sir,—We are in expectation of much sport this Spring in this quarter. The number of entries to the Sweepstakes at the Central will bring together many stables of fine horses. We will endeavor to give them as good purses as we can afford, and a hearty welcome, and add our mite to the sports as far as our small concern will admit of. We have nine in training, of all sorts and sizes—*Camsidell, Pythias, Highlander, Mary Granville, Master Henry, Mary M'Henry*, a 4 year old Charles colt, and two 3 year old colts, *Peyton* and *Wise*, both of which are in the Dorsey Stakes at the Central. We can do but little as yet in the way of exercise, as the frost is just getting out of the ground, which makes it very muddy; but we have to keep them moving a little. We hope to have the pleasure of your company this Spring. You must take time to run over to see how we do things in this quarter—we will feed you well, and steam you up to high pressure—if you will but give us a chance.

Respectfully yours, *******.

INAUGURATION AT WASHINGTON.

Washington, 2d March.

Mr. Editor,—In these "piping times of peace" and of honeyed greetings and adieus, permit me to wish you a respectful *farewell*.

The old ship of state is again in port. The whizzing of the steam is yet hissing on the ear—but all is quiet. The old commander and *his crew* have scattered in all directions. In other words, the high pressure administration has let off its steam—and the other, a low pressure, is being got under way.—The Great Resigned is ere now west of the Alleghany—requiescat in pace!—and the Great *Rejected* is any thing but *De*jected. Hail *to the* Chief!

The Washington winter is over. All who can, are getting off, as from the plague. I am collecting my traps to throw myself with the current. Next session I hope to renew our correspondence. As to the loiterer behind, or, on a new arrival, the question arises, "what office does *he* want?"

To close the drama:—Yesterday the Senate adjourned; and at the Theatre in evening, I saw the curtain fall "for the last time this season." The manager, in an appropriate and valedictory address, observed that his was "beyond doubt the best stock company in the whole United States." This is as it should be—for a more fastidious audience of accomplished Diplomatists, and others of refined taste, improved by the advantages of foreign travel, is no where to be found in this country. Power, Clifton, Barton, Celeste, and the Ravels, have had successively their brief reign. But, in my opinion, Ellen Tree, la desiree, would have more effectually "removed the deposits." She would have been *the* star in the ascendant. Her coming had been predicted.

To recur to the closing scenes of the political drama, now that its curtain has fallen also. All the action of the farce, was now thrown into the last act. If, at the National Theatre, on Friday evening (the last of *the* Session of Congress) there was a "beggarly show of empty benches,"—it was not so at the *de*-national, at the other end of the Avenue, "expunged," "by order." There every nook and corner was crammed—perhaps a *beggarly* show of office and "spoils" seekers. Our sapient legislators were as busy as a hen with one chicken, in "much ado about nothing." Like other procrastinators who had failed to make hay when the sun shone, now that it was gone down, they are driving hither and thither, without compass, "filling and backing," from such quarters as raised the breeze. They did not go a-head. It was too late to tack and bring up lee way. They were on the shoals—and some of the cargo must be thrown overboard. The "learned Theban" at this time threw in a Parthian shot, as he did "not understand" their position and placed no confidence in congressional majorities, that were to be brought under obedience to *his* vetos, or whenever *he* chose *to pocket* an affront. The scene changes from inextricable darkness to a brilliant mid-day sun. An interminable throng is seen wending its way to the Capitol, from an early hour of the following day. The spacious east front, from the splendid colonnade to the foot of the steps, is seen filled with beauty and fashion—with a small sprinkling of gentlemen. The tribune, at the top, being only reserved for the ceremony of the day. This has been so often described, that I will now shift the scene. The loyal citizens having thrown up their caps and made the welkin ring with their shouts—on seeing the "wonderful phenomenon," so grateful to the old chief and amazing to his liege subjects, of one "great rejected," sworn into the highest office known in the country, by "another" renowned "*rejected*," (the Chief Justice) "in the presence of *that* Senate, who had a few years before rejected *both* their nominations to inferior stations"—and this oblation too, witnessed by that chief who had nominated them and brought them into power!—The cavalcade is formed to repair to the Palace. The hero of two wars and him of the day—the joint conquerors of the contumacious Senate are seen to ascend a sort of triumphal car, constructed out of the ruins of the Constitution; drawn by four beautiful greys, escorted by a handsome troop of horse, and preceded by a company of infantry, the full band pouring forth its peals of triumph. The beautiful Pennsylvania Avenue never appeared to such advantage, as on the present

glorious occasion. Its entire length was filled by handsome equipages, three deep, following the Presidential cavalcade. Every window was raised—filled with beauty in all its bravery.

All having the right of entre followed the illustrious personages, in court language, to kiss hands. The canaille was excluded by the police and military.—Yet the "exclusives" filled the spacious saloons—the officers of our army and navy, and the foreign diplomatists in full costume. One continual stream having poured through the Hall of audience for several hours—the scene next changes to the festive board—and a few hours thereafter to the magnificent Inaugural Ball, where the day was closed with feasting and dancing—many a bumper of sparkling champagne being quaffed in honor of the occasion.

At "the Palace" I saw the admired portrait of the old Hero, by EARL, for the City Hall at Washington. If the likeness be not strong, the painting has merit and the perspective is beautiful. The conception is admirable. He is represented, *very appropriately*, under a triumphal arch, with the lictors and fasces near by—*with his back turned upon Congress*, (the Capitol in the distance)—raised to his full height—one hand holding on to a pillar of *the Palace*, the other grasping his shillelah—his hat thrown down on the chair beside him—determination sitting on his brow—as if he were ready to exclaim, "Come on—*I am Andrew Jackson—je suis l'état.*"

The bust of the other heroic ex-president—the champion of free discussion, and the rights of petition, by Persico, is a speaking likeness.

The Capitol is becoming embellished with art, like the celebrated mons capitolinus. There are to be seen various studios, in one of which are two beautiful classic groupes by Petrick. A few years hence it may become the American Vatican, when the contemplated pieces of sculpture and painting shall have been completed.

Without the aid of the present Vice-President's interference to improve the society at Washington, every thing looks auspicious for the lovers of taste and refinement. "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur." "The reign of honor" or rather of "panic" is over. Now begins the Augustan age—one that is to encourage literature and the arts, and to obliterate the past. If some object to the manner by which our modern Augustus reached power, it is trusted they will henceforth give their applause to his clemency and magnanimity. Conciliation will be a cardinal feature in his administration.

A LOOKER ON IN VENICE.

A Walking Sugar Stick.—Two workmen having quarelled in a sugar refiner's at Valenciennes, one of them threw his comrade into a copper of thick molasses. The latter scrambled out, covered from head to foot with the sugary stuff, and, angry at his adversary, rushed into the street, just as he was, to make his way to the King's Procureur to obtain legal redress. It was freezing very hard at the time, and the sugar became so firm that when he arrived at the house of the magistrate he looked like a substantial stick of barley sugar. His arms were glued to his side, and he was compelled to ask a bystander to ring the bell for him. This curious exhibition attracted crowds of spectators, and excited much merriment.

A SCAPE GALLOWS.—At Perrysburgh, on the Savannah river, a soldier, named Ficklin, having made frequent attempts to desert, was tried and sentenced to be hanged.—Gen. Lincoln ordered the execution. The rope broke; a second one was procured, which broke also. The case was then reported to the general for directions. "Let him run," said the general, "I thought he looked like a scape gallows."

The hat which the king of Naples has ordered to be made at Florence for his young bride of Austria, will cost 2000 livres. It is to be sent to Paris, to receive the last touch.

"You are an excellent packer," said a mason to a farmer. "Why so?" "You have contrived to pack three bushels of rye into a two bushel bag."

Jonathan presented himself and his intended to the minister for the purpose of being married. Being asked if they had been published—"Oh! I guess so—for I told it to Uncle Ben, and he told his wife of it more than a week ago."

"What's the matter with your eye?" said a gentleman the other day to an honest emigrant, who looked as if he had been playing at fistycuffs.

"Oh! it has been put out, knocked out, annihilated—*expunged*."

"How can that be?" replied the other, "can't you see with it?"

"Oh yes, I can see with it; but for all that it is *expunged*. Don't you see the black lines around it?"

A young fellow once went to court a girl, and being very bashful, he waited some time, not knowing what to say, at length he broke silence by saying—*father's cow had a calf to-day, and it was all over white like a sheep.*

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE publishers of the American Monthly Magazine have the pleasure to announce that an arrangement has been made with ROBERT M. BIRD, Esq., of Philadelphia, to become an associate editor, with Mr. Hoffman and Mr. Benjamin. The work will hereafter be published simultaneously on the first day of every month, in New-York by George Dearborn & Co., 38 Gold-street; in Philadelphia by T. Cotrell Clarke, 80 S. Second-street; in Boston by Otis, Broaders & Co., 147 Washington-street.

The arrangement with Dr. Bird will bring not only the aid of his own pen, but that of many other valuable contributors to the Magazine. The publishers of the American Monthly Magazine have ever desired to make their work worthy of the countenance and favor which will best enable them to carry out their objects to an influential extent,—to give the work a broad American character, so that, as a legitimate representation of national thought and feeling, and not the organ of a mere section of country, it may enlist the good will of men of taste and talent in all parts of the United States. To this end arrangements are in progress for enlisting the aid of contributors in every section of the Union. Among other matters of interest to appear in the Magazine, will be a series of papers on some of the great natural curiosities of the West—illustrated by drawings and engravings executed expressly for the Magazine.

Orders for the work to be addressed to either of the publishers. Terms, *five dollars* per annum—with liberal discount to agents. [mh 18-4t]

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES ARE OPEN to come off over the above Course:—

1. Sweepstakes, Three mile heats, under the saddle, free for all Trotting Horses. To come off the 1st week in May. Sub. $500, forfeit $20, with $200 added by the proprietor. Two or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse or match over $100, to come off the first week in May. Sub. $100, h. ft, and $50 added by the Proprietor. Three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse of $200, to come off the first week in May. Sub. $200, h. ft., and $100 added by the Proprietor. Three or more to make a race.

4. Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, in harness, free for all trotting horses that never trotted for money, to come off the latter part of April. Sub. $50, h. ft., and $50 added by the Proprietor. Three or more to make a race.

Each Stake to close on Saturday evening, 1st of April, by 9 o'clock. Nominations in these Stakes to be made by letter, addressed to the Proprietor, at Randall Smith's Hotel, 2 doors above the Park Theatre, New York. The purse given by the Proprietor will be added to the Stake in all the above, provided two horses start, and in no other case.

Centreville Course, L. I., March 1, 1837. [mh3] JOEL CONKLIN, Proprietor.

EAGLE COURSE, TRENTON, N. J.

THE First Spring meeting will take place on Tuesday, 25th of April. The following Sweepstakes are now open:

1st. Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, subscription $300 each, forfeit $100, Mile heats; four or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March.

SUBSCRIBERS.

J. B. Kendall, W. McCoun, Samuel Laird.

2d. Post Stake for 4 year old colts and fillies; subscription $100 each, p. p. Two mile heats, $200 added by Proprietor; to close on the 1st April; four or more to make a race. [J28] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

TROTTING HORSE "AWFUL" FOR SALE.

THE very fast trotting horse "Awful," a bay gelding, 7 years old this Spring, 16 hands high, of fine action, and immense stride, perfectly sound, and kind in harness, is offered for sale on accommodating terms. Awful is a thoroughbred horse, and comes off a good stock on both sides. Awful has trotted a mile under the saddle, upon the public Trotting Course, under two minutes forty seconds. He is so well known, by his performances on the Centreville and other courses, as to render any detail of his performances unnecessary. For terms apply to ISAAC ANDERSON, Jr.,

New York, Feb. 22, 1837. [F22-tf.] No. 65 Watts-street.

ELEGANT TIMING WATCHES FOR SPORTSMEN.

THE Subscriber has on hand, and is constantly receiving the above articles, all of which are made expressly to order, for the purpose of *marking time* very accurately; together with a general assortment of London, Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. These Watches having been closely tested, are allowed by Judges to be the best article ever introduced for the above purpose. The watches being all warranted, the money will be refunded if they should not prove satisfactory to the recommendation.

Also a general assortment of Clocks, Jewelry, and silver ware, which the public are respectfully invited to call and examine at his store, No. 240 Pearl-street, corner of Burling Slip. [F18-tf.] WM. F. GRIFFEN.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

WADE'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES, have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only preparation to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms, and botts, loosens the hide, fines the coat, purifies the blood, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Sold at 37 1-2 cents, or $4,50 a dozen packages, accompanied with full directions and recommendations round each packet. Sold by J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, sole importing agent, where they may be obtained wholesale or retail. [J28-tf]

IMPORTED BULLS FOR SALE.

THE above were imported last Fall in the Barque Wolga,—they are of the Durham breed, and high pedigree, and may be seen at—De Wolf, Esq.'s, Throggs Neck, near Harlaem, where price and pedigree will be furnished. [mh 18]

LOUISVILLE HOTEL,

[mh18-6m.] LOUISVILLE, Ky. By S. HASKELL.

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the first of July. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Jan. 21, 1837. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch. h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the sire of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude, by Pipator—Beatrice, by Sir Peter, &c. &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora, by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phœnsy, by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races, and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1833, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lbs., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Silenus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst Ascot, 6 to 1 agst Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1832, Trustee ran third to St. Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, (at 8st. 4lb.) ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D. M., a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. 2 to 1 on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D. I., 15 subscribers; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee. At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs each, h ft, carrying 8st 7lb, D. I., 8 subs; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave a second time; even betting on Trustee. At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st 7lbs each, a match across the flat, 200 sovs, h ft; 7 to 4 on Trustee. At York August meeting, same year, 1833, he was beaten by Voluna, for the great subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs; 5 to 2 on Trustee. At the same meeting was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st 3lb; 2 miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st 5lbs, 2 miles, 3 subs; beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c. At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D. I., carrying 8st 10lbs, and beating b c Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, [winner of the Oaks,] Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 4 to 1 agst Malibran, 9 to 2 agst Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold. [J21

Catton, Trustee's sire, had *seven* winners last year [1836] on the English turf, who won twelve prizes. He has thirty-two of his get already entered for "the big things" to be run in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, etc., who won ten prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300l., and 600l. at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton.

IMPORTED STALLION, BERNER'S COMUS,

IS expected to stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, 9 miles South-west from Huntsville, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $80 the season, or $100 to insure a foal. He was shipped from Liverpool late in November, 1836, on board the ship Sherbrook, bound for Mobile. "Breeders may be assured that this horse will propagate a capital breed of Turf Stock for heats of three and four miles. He was bred in 1827, by Lord Berner, and ran by Col Wilson in 1830-31-32 and 33—was a stout racer, won a dozen prizes, mostly at Newmarket; among them 8 or 10 King's Plates and Cups, at long distances and heavy weights, and frequently in heats. Ran twice 2d to Priam—beat one of the best mares in England, Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta; beat Tranby, and several other good ones; is very near 16 hands high, of good form and remarkably fine action; of a red brown color, with a little white, and unites the Herod and Eclipse blood to the greatest perfection." Was got by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, (so highly prized for distance). Grandam Spotless by Walton, Trumpator, Highflyer, Herod, &c. &c. I will, in handbills, extend his pedigree; nothing can be richer, and his performances, in full, will be found excellent.

Huntsville, Ala., January 17, 1837. E. H. BOARDMAN.

Imported CONSOL stands at the Mills in 1837, on last year's terms, viz.: $60, or $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F4] E. H. B.

IMPORTED HORSE FLATTERER FOR SALE.

THIS splendid English race horse, now five years old, is offered for sale on accommodating terms, if applied for immediately. His color is a fine brown, without any white marks. He is a horse of immense size, full sixteen hands high, with astonishing power, and great stride, and perfectly sound and free from blemish. His blood combines several of the most fashionable crosses of the day.

Pedigree.—Flatterer was got by Muley, (son of Orville and the famous mare Eleanor): his dam Clare, bred by Lord Egremont in 1824, was got by Marmion, grandam Harpalice, by Gohanna, g. grandam Amazon, by Driver—Fractious by Mercury—Woodpecker—Everlasting by Eclipse.

Flatterer was bred by Mr. Nowell, in 1831, and run in England by Sir Mark Wood. He was imported by Mr. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, N. Y., July, 1835, by whom he was placed in the stable of ROBERT L. STEVENS, Esq., near the Union Course, Long Island, where he still remains.

Flatterer's *performances* both in England and in this country, do no discredit to his noble Stock. In 1834 he came out for the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes at the New Market First Spring meeting, and ran a capital second to Glencoe, beating Bentley and four others, only three placed. On the 29th of May following, he started for the Derby at Epsom, won by Plenipo, and was not placed. At the Newmarket First October meeting he won the Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 50 sovs each, for 3 yr. olds, colts 8st. 7lb, fillies, 8st 3lb. A. F.—*Twenty six* subscribers, again beating Bentley, Pavis, Olympic, and Dick.

Flatterer was landed at New York, after a long passage, during which he never laid down, the latter part of July, 1835—was put in training in August, without the possibility of preparation, but notwithstanding, ran two races in October and November following, one of which, mile heats, he won. His performances during the past year, are so well known as to render any summary of them in this place uncalled for. They are contained at length in the Racing Calendar of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times, and prove him a horse of uncommon speed and unusual ability to take up heavy weight.

Terms of sale will be made known on application (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway, or to the subscriber, near the Centreville Trotting Course, L. I., where the horse may be seen.

Jamaica, L. I., Feb. 21, 1837. [F25-tf.] H. A. CONOVER.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON, of the U.S. Navy, having determined to retire from the Turf, offers for sale his entire Stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

Stallions.

No. 1.—The imported horse TRUSTEE, foaled in 1829, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, full brother to Mundig, the winner of the Derby in 1835, and was a capital race horse himself. See English Racing Calendar. [*SOLD.*]

No. 2.—POWHATTAN, grey horse, 16 hands high, foaled in 1830, by Monsieur Tonson, out of the celebrated four mile mare, Iris, by Archy. He was a horse of great promise as a racer. He won mile heats and 3 mile heats from good fields, and broke down in running 4 mile heats against Post Boy and Henry Archy.

No. 3.—DASHALL, br. h. foaled in 1825, 16 hands high, by Archy, out of Meg Dodds, full sister to Miss Mattie, and Isabella—his dam now owned by Mr. R. L. Stevens, of New York. He was a capital racer himself, and his colts are amongst the most promising in New Jersey.

Horses in Training.

No. 4.—MIDDLESEX, ch. h., 16 hands high, by Sir Charles, out of Powancey, by Alfred—her dam Virgo, by Imp. Sir Peter Teazle, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy. There are very few horses in the United States that rank higher for speed or beauty than Middlesex.

No. 5.—BERGEN, gr. c. foaled in 1833, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace. This is a horse of good speed and bottom. For the pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 6.—Imported b. h. LANGFORD, by Starch, out of Peri, the dam of Hercules, purchased by J. P. Corbin, Esq. from the King's Stud at Hampton Court—foaled in 1833. He was the winner of the great Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, over the National Course, Spring of 1836.

No. 7.—Imported b. h. JOHN BULL, foaled 1833, by Chateau Margaux, dam by Woful—grandam Beningbrough, g. g. dam Highflyer—See English Stud Book. This horse has never been started, but is a colt of great promise.

No. 8.—Ch. c. SOMERSET, foaled 1834, by Sir Charles, out of the dam of Middlesex.

No. 9.—B. f. MARGARET, foaled 1834, by Dashall, out of Young Nettletop, the dam of Monmouth. For pedigree of Young Nettletop see No. 18.

Colts and Fillies.

No. 10.—Ch. f. by Eclipse, out of Charlotte Pace, foaled 1837. For pedigree of Charlotte Pace see No. 15.

No. 11.—Bay f. by Eclipse, dam Miss Mattie, foaled 1835—for pedigree of Miss Mattie see No. 19.

No. 12.—Chesnut colt by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Middlesex, foaled 1835.

No. 13—Chesnut filly by Powhattan, out of Blanche, foaled 1835—see No. 20.

No. 14—Chesnut colt by Shark, out of Miss Mattie, foaled 1836—see No. 19.

Brood Mares.

No. 15—Bay mare CHARLOTTE PACE, by Archy, her dam by the Imp. horse Restless, out of Green's celebrated Celer mare by Janus—stinted to Trustee.

No. 16—Chesnut mare POWANCEY, by Alfred, out of Virgo, by Sir Peter Teazle, imported, out of Castinira, the dam of Archy—stinted to Trustee.

No. 17—Gray mare BIANCA, foaled 1830, by Medley, out of Powancey—stinted to Trustee.

No. 18—Chesnut mare YOUNG NETTLETOP, by Marshal Duroc, out of Old Nettletop, by Diomed—Imp. horse Old Sharke—Lindsay's Arabian—Lee's Old Mark Anthony—Imp. horse Silver Eye—Imp. horse Crawford—Imp. horse Old Janus—Imp. Mare—See Am. Stud Book, page 361. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 19—Bay mare MISS MATTIE, by Archy, out of Black Ghost—Miss Mattie is own sister to Wynn's celebrated mare Isabella, the dam of Drone and Martha Washington—See Am. Stud Book, vol. 1, page 267. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 20—Chesnut mare BLANCHE, foaled 1821, by Marshal Duroc, dam Cornet, by Expedition, grandam Cleopatra, by Imp. Slender, g g dam Semiramis, by Messenger, g g g dam the Bashaw mare—Stinted to Trustee.

No. 21—Imported bay mare LADY MOSTYN, foaled 1831; got by Teniers, out of Invalid, by Whisker; grandam Helen, by Hambletonian, g g dam Susan, out of Drowsy, by Drone; Mr. Goodrich's Old England mare, &c. See English Stud Book and Weatherby's Racing Calendar. Stinted to Trustee.

No. 22—Gray mare HELEN, foaled 1830; by Lance, dam by Oscar—Expedition, Imp. Highlander—Fair American, by Lloyd's Traveller—Miss Slamerkin, by Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub mare, by Cub. Stinted to Trustee.

These horses have been selected from the most fashionable Stock in the United States and in England, without regard to cost. They are estimated to be worth over 40,000 dollars, but will be sold together for $30,000, or one or more at a low valuation.

The horses in training can be seen at J. K. Van Mater's, near Monmouth Court House, and the others at Capt. Stockton's farm, near Princeton, N. J. [J24-6m]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 90 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama; Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

BAREFOOT.

THIS justly celebrated imported horse, one of the few now in America that ever won the Great Doncaster St. Leger, and a proved getter of winners in America, has recently been purchased by the undersigned at a high figure, and will stand for mares the ensuing season near the Oakland Race Course, Louisville, Kentucky, at the moderate price of $75 for the season, and $1 to the groom. The money to be paid, with the expense of keeping the mares, when they are taken away, or on or before the 15th of July next, when the season will end.

On the English Turf Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day, he was not only the best in the North, but entitled to rank as the best colt of his year, at Newmarket, he having there offered to run the noted Emilius for 2000 guineas, who declined the challenge; and he ran on, when six years old, all distances, as will be seen by an examination of his performances as here noted.

That which, in addition to unrivalled performances and pure and fashionable pedigree, gives value to a stallion, Barefoot claims. He has proved himself not only a sure foal-getter, but a *getter of winners*, in this country! Where is the imported horse now in America, or west of the Alleghany, with the exception of Leviathan, of whom this can be said?

He is the sire of Clara Howard, the fleetest of the fleet, and game, over the course of 3 and 4 miles, with high Union Course weights. Also of Admiral, Ajax, Tramp, and the colt out of Agnes, all winners of important races, matches or sweepstakes, in quick time, and of several other good ones.

By reference to the advertisement now or heretofore published in the Spirit of the Times, under the head of "Union Course, Long Island," of Matches and Sweepstakes to come off, it will be seen that many of Barefoot's get are heavily engaged in both matches and sweepstakes of importance. For one colt dropped last Spring, own brother to Clara Howard, $1500 was refused, when only five months old, and several others, now yearlings, could not be purchased, for less than $1,000 or $1500 each.

History and Description.—Barefoot is a chesnut, with a star and small stripe down the face, but without white feet or other white marks; standing upon short legs, and of great substance, as his dimensions hereafter given show. He was bred by Gilbert Compton, Esq., near York, and foaled in 1830—was sold at an early age to Richard Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton, near Beverley, in Yorkshire, who brought him forward on the turf, and after winning the Great St. Leger in 1833, was sold by Mr. Watt for 3,000 guineas, to the Earl of Darlington, (now Marquis of Cleaveland), who, in 1827 or 1828 disposed of him to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, who sent him to America for the benefit of his native country at large, after having beaten nearly all the best runners in England, and he was landed at New York from the ship Napoleon, Capt. Smith, May 25th, 1828. C. R. Colden, Esq., of New York, better known in the Sporting world as "an old Turfman," took the admeasurement of his different points on the day he was landed, which were then as follows:—Height, 5 feet 2½ inches—girth, 5 feet 9 inches—arm, in circumference, 1 foot 9 inches—length from the breast, or anterior point of the shoulders, to the extreme point of the hip, 4 feet 11 inches—circumference of the fore leg below the knee, 8 inches—back or sway, from the posterior termination of the scapula, or shoulder blade, to the coupling, 1 foot 5½ inches.

His Pedigree cannot be surpassed—he was got by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard; her dam Rosebury, sister to Huby, by Phenomenon; her dam Miss West, by Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Basto. Tramp was got by Dick Andrews, out of a Gohanna mare; her dam Flaxinella, by Trentham—Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse. Dick Andrews was got by Joe Andrews, out of a Highflyer mare; her dam by Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian. Joe Andrews was got by Eclipse, out of Amaranda, by Omnium; her dam Cloudy, by Blank—Crab—Partner, &c.

On the English Turf, Barefoot proved himself one of the most successful racers of his day; having beaten nearly, if not all, the best runners in England, as will be seen by the following statement of his performances, as well as by reference to the Sporting Annals for the years 1823 to 1826, inclusive.

PERFORMANCES.

At the York Spring Meeting, 1822, he run second to Miss Fanny, in a sweepstakes of 30gs. each for two year olds, for which eight started, and three only were placed. In September, 1822, (then only two years old), he won a sweepstakes of 20gs. each, 11 subscribers, at Pontefract, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Bordeaux and 4 others very easy. Barefoot, at the Spring meeting at York, May, 1823, at three years old, St. Leger Stakes, one mile and three quarters, 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Sir Anthony and Harpooner. Time, 3:15, or 1:51 per mile.

1823—At the August meeting at York, won a sweepstakes, 17 subscribers, 8st. 5lb. (117lb.) one mile and a quarter. Time, 2:22, or 1:52 per mile, beating Richardson's b. c. by Filho da Puta—Nitrogen—Isabella, and one other. At Pontefract, Sept. 2, won a sweepstakes, 10 subs., 1¼ miles 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.) beating Palatine. Won very easy.

Doncaster Meeting, Sept. 1823—Monday, Sept. 15, the St. Leger Stakes of 26 guineas each, for three year old colts, 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.); fillies 8st. (112lbs.) 84 subscribers. 1. Mr. Watt's ch. c. Barefoot, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, Goodison. 2. Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Sherwood, by Filho da Puta, Scott. 3. Mr Riddle's b. c. Comte d'Artois, R. Johnson. The following also started but were not placed: Mr. Peirse's br. c. by Comus, out of Rosanne; Lord Surrey's br. f. Etiquette, by Orville; Mr. West's ch. c. Claude Lorraine, by Rubens; Mr. Roger's b. c. Tancred, brother to Pacha, by Selim; Sir M. W. Ridley's br. c. Ringlet, by Whisker; Lord Kelburn's ch. c. Caledonian, by Stamford; Mr. Bunter's br. c. by Orville, out of L'Huile de Venus; Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Mercandotti, by Muley; and Mr. Ferguson's ch. c. North Star, by Octavian. *Note*—Sherwood, Tinker, and Rosanne colt, Barefoot, Columbus, Comte d'Artois, Tancred, Mr. Uppleby's colt by Proselyte, Polly, the Lisette filley, North Star, Hydra, Meltonian, Berezina, Palais Royale, Brilliante Ringlet, Plumber, Rhubarb, Isabella, Brighton, Honest John, and L'Huile de Venus' colt, went off without being started by the clerk of the course, leaving at the post Caledonia, Mercandotti, Claude Lorraine, and Etiquette, when the Rosanne colt came in first, Barefoot second, and Comte d'Artois third. This was decided by the Stewards and gentlemen appointed from the Club to be a false start, and the race was afterwards run as above. *False Start*—Sherwood made very severe play, and kept the lead up to the Red House, when he was headed by Comte d'Artois, and some very severe running then took place between the Comte, Barefoot, and Rosanne, the latter winning by only a head. Tinker (afterwards known as the celebrated *Lottery*) was beat early, and Barefoot was shut out in running. Run in 3:22. *The Start*—The Comte here made severe play, until about two distances from home, when Barefoot came alongside of him, and won very easy by two lengths. Run in 3:23½. See page 69 of English Racing Calendar, attached to vol. 12 of the English Sporting Magazine, for 1823, and also Annals of Sporting for 1823, vol. 4, p. 248. It is also worthy of note, that the St. Leger Course, in 1823, was 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, it has since been curtailed 43 yards, leaving it of latter years only 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 132 yards, precisely 308 yards short of 2 miles, which, although run last year in 3:23, yet Barefoot in 1823, went 43 yards further in the same time, and repeated the distance with only the addition of a quarter of a second. Moreover, in the first race, ordered to be run over, in consequence of being adjudged a false start, Barefoot, although shut out, that is, hemmed in on all sides by the crowd of horses, so as to obstruct him, nevertheless, lost by only a head! And in the second trial won easy by two lengths. Here then his success did not depend upon any fortuitous circumstance; he proved himself, by repetition, decidedly the best horse, of a large lot of good ones, and is in justice entitled to credit, for that which no horse in America can show a claim,—running 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 175 yards, (nearly 265 yards short of two miles) when 3 years old, with 114lbs. upon his back, in 3:23, and repeating it in 3:23¼.

In corroboration of what is here said, will be found in the Annals of Sporting, vol. 4, page 244—"at length the St. Leger of 1823 is decided, and Barefoot, after running the race twice, is declared the victor, thus proving the old adage, that public running is the sure and safest criterion to back a horse."

After winning the Doncaster Great St. Leger, he was purchased by Lord Darlington (now Marquis of Cleaveland) for 3000 guineas—was carried by him to Newmarket, where he challenged Colonel Udney's celebrated horse Emilius (the recent winner of all the great stakes, and since the sire of Priam, Plenipo, Sarpedon, and others), for 2000 guineas, which was not accepted. At Newmarket, Houghton meeting, in October, he won the handicap plate, £70, distance, 1 mile, 1 quarter, and 24 yards, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Tressilian, Van Loo, Aaron, Nicoli, Mina, and Mr. Williamson's Partisan colt. Won easy. Thus winning every race for which he started, for that year, and beating the best horses on the turf.

1824—At four years old, June meeting, at Ascot Heath, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., against Bizarre, carrying 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) 2 miles and a half, 7 subscribers, and was beaten, after a well contested race. At the same place he won the Swinley stakes, 3 subscribers, mile and a half, by walking over, no horse appearing to contend with him. At Doncaster, September meeting, on Monday, he started for the King's plate, 4 miles, 10st. 7lbs. (147lbs.)—Time, 8:18, and the favorite at starting; but was beaten by Arrogance and Bordeaux, coming in third and beating Bugle. At the same meeting, the Wednesday following, he started for a sweepstakes, 5 subs. St. Leger Course, carrying 8st. 7lbs. (119lbs.) and beaten by Lottery, the best horse of his day, carrying 8st. 3lbs. (115lbs.)—thus giving Lottery, of the same age, 4lb., and whom he next year beat at even weights. The time of running 3:30. The above is the only time of starting in 1824.

1825—At Lancaster, in June, then 5 years old, he won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 17 subscribers, 3 miles, 8st. 5lbs. (120lbs.), time not given; beating Lottery, (above mentioned, 5 years old, same weight), Young Corrector, 5 years old, Panthea, 4 years old, carrying 7st. 11lbs. (109lbs.) an excellent contested race. At Derby, in July, the same year, he started for the Gold Cup, 15 subscribers, of 10 guineas each, 3 miles, 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.) and was beaten by Sir Grey and Canteen, both 4 years old, and carrying 8st. 2lb. (114lbs.) and beating Sligo, 4 years old, carrying 114lbs.; an excellent race. At Wolverhampton, in August, he started for the Darlington Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 13 subscribers, 10 sovs. each, 3 miles, 8st. 10lbs. (122lbs.) beating Gen. Mina, 5 years old, same weight, and Sir Grey, 4 years old, 8st. 2lbs. (114lbs.) the same horse that beat him at Derby, as above stated. At Northallerton, Yorkshire, in October, he started for the Gold Cup, value 100gs., with a sweepstakes added, 11 subscribers, 10gs. each, 2 miles, 8st. 9lbs. (121lbs.) agst. The Alderman, 3 years old, 6st. 10lbs. (94lbs.) and was beaten only by a neck, notwithstanding the great difference of weight. It may be remarked that The Alderman has proved himself to be one of the best horses of his day. The above are all Barefoot's races of the year 1825.

1826—At the Manchester meeting, May 17th Barefoot won the Free Handicap Stakes, of 30 sovs. each, 2 miles and a distance, he carrying 9st. (126lbs.), beating Miller of Mansfield, 8st. 4lbs. (116lbs.), and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 5 years, 7st. 12lbs. (110lbs.); a good race; 5 to 4 on Barefoot. At Lancaster, July 21, he won the Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, added to a sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 3 subscribers, carrying 8st. 12lbs. (124lbs.), 3 miles, beating Crowcatcher, 4 years old, 112lbs., and Sophy, by Comus, 4 yrs. 109lbs. The above comprise all the races of Barefoot.

Barefoot is remarkably beautiful, very fine in his forehand, muscular, and well proportioned in all respects, very active, of a high spirit, and at the same time of a good temper.

Of his having proved a good and sure foal-getter we are enabled to give the following testimonial, under the hand of a very eminent breeder, and one of great and long experience.

New York, Jan. 23, 1837.

I hereby certify that the imported horse Barefoot has stood under my directions at West Farms, in West Chester County, New York, and at the Union Course, L. I., two seasons, and has proved himself a sure and good foal-getter. I consider him the best stallion introduced to the State of New York, since the importation of Messenger in 1791, he having got more runners in proportion to the number of thoroughbred mares which he has covered, than any other stallion which has come under my observation. JAMES BATHGATE.

With the foregoing full and correct documents, I now offer the services of this valuable horse to the breeders of Kentucky and Western States generally, and respectfully request them to call and view him, and solicit their patronage.

Louisville, Kentucky, February, 1837. [mh 11.] LEWIS SHERLEY.

ROWTON.

THIS beautiful Stallion and celebrated Racer will make his second season in America, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Gerow, at W. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, five miles below Columbia, and be let to mares at $75 the season, $120 to insure, and one dollar to the groom; the money to be paid in advance, or before the mares are taken away.

The season will commence on the first of February, and end the first of July. Extensive rye and grass pastures provided for mares, and

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Broad Rock, Va. - - Jockey Club, Tree Hill Course, Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th April.
Batesville, Ark. - - Match, mile heats, $600, *Octavia Walton* vs. *Eliza Bedford*, 6th May.
" " Match, 1 m. $200, a-side, *Ella Wickham* vs. *Eliza Bedford*, 17th May.
Belfield, Va. - - - Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 11th April.
Baltimore, Md. - - Match, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
Chas Orchard, Ky - Spring Hill Course, annual Spring meeting, 1st Thursday, 1st June.
Columbus, Ga. - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, Western Course, 1st Tuesday, 2d May.
Columbus, Miss. - - - Spring meeting, 2d Monday, 9th May.
Fredericksburg, Va. Mulberry Course, Spring meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th May.
Franklin, La. - - - Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*.
Florence, Ala. - - - Match, One mile, P.P., $1000 a-side, *Sarah Bladen*, vs. b. f. by Wild Bill and Cripple, both 2 yrs. during the month of May.
Greensboro', Ala. - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th April.
Kendall Course, - - Near Baltimore, Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 2d May.
Lawrenceville, Va. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th April.
Lynchburg, Va. - - - Jockey Club, Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 16th May.
Mobile, Ala. - - - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, Bascomb Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th April.
" " Match, 4 mile heats $5000 aside, *Scarlett* vs. *Birmingham*, 3d April.
Macon, Ga. - - - - - Central Course, Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 11th April.
Newmarket, Va. - - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th April.
Newport, Ky. - - - - Newport and Covington Asso., Spring meeting, 1st Monday, 1st May.
Norfolk, Va. - - - - Norfolk and Portsmouth J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th June.
New York City. - - Jockey Club, Union Course, 1st Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.
Nashville, Tenn. - - Match, —heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Plaquemine, La. - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Wednesday, 5th April.
" " Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *John Beasley* vs. *Plato*, 28th March.
Philadelphia, Pa. - Camden and Phila. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday in May.
St. Francisville, La. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th April.
Tuscaloosa, Ala. - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Monday in April. On the 2d day, a Match, Mile h., $500 a-side, *Nullification* vs. *John Anderson-my-Joe*.
Tree Hill, Va. - - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Monday, 8th May. On the 1st day, a Match, 2 m. h., $2000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, vs. *Va. Timberlake*.
Trenton, N. J. - - - First Spring meeting, Eagle Course, last Tuesday, 25th April.
Vicksburg, Miss. - - Match, —— heats, $4000 a-side, on Tuesday previous to Fall meeting of 1837, *Miss Lindsay* vs. Col. Bingaman's f. by Leviathan & Bertrand.
Washington City. - National Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday in May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

STALLIONS FOR 1837.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, will make his next season at Newmarket, Va., one mile from Petersburg. Terms in a few days. [m4

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard, will stand at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky. at $75, and $1 to the groom. Address Lewis Sherley & Co. [m4

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, d. Gr. Duchess, out of Imp. Duchess by Gracchus—at J. Elliott's stable, 2 m. w. of Schuylkill Permanent bridge—$40 for thoroughbred—$20 for cold blooded m's.

BERNER'S COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam, by Juniper, will stand in 1837, either at Boardman's Mills, or at the Huntsville Race Track, at $30 and $100. [F4

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp, by Gohanna, will stand at the stable of Geo. Givhan, Haynesville, Lowndes Co., Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia, will stand at "the Reeds," Caroline Co. Va, the stable of Robt. P. Corbin, at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom. [J29

COLLINGWOOD, by Ratler, dam by Trafalgar, will stand at Batesville, Ark., at $25 and $40. [F4] C. F. M. Noland.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $60 cash, $70 at the end of the year, and $100 to insure. [F11

DAGHEE, *Imported*, by Muley, out of Fatima, by Arabian Sheik, will stand at the stable of Jeromus Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I., at $40—$60—$1 to the groom. [m11

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of Hector Bell, near Winchester, Va., the stand of the late *Industry*. Particulars hereafter. [F11

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline, by Tramp, will stand at James Jackson's stable, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J. 21

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose, by Pacolet, will stand at the stable of Glascock & Lacy, at the Hampton Course, Augusta, Ga., at $100 the season. [m4

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, will stand at the stable of Colonel George Elliott, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

MARGRAVE, *Imported*, (dark ch. foaled in 1829) by Muley, dam by Election, will stand at the stable of Thomas Alderson, Nashville, Tenn. Terms, 75 and $100. [J 21

RODOLPH, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Hexall's Moses, will stand at the stable of Col. Osman Claiborne, at Natchez, Miss. He is limited to 25 mares. [m25.]

ROBIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand at Col. John Crowell's stable, at Fort Mitchell, Ala., at $50 the season and $75 to insure. [m4

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katherina, by Woful, will stand at the stable of Col. Wade Hampton, at his Woodlands estate, near Columbia, S. C., at $75 and $120. [J 21

SHARK, by Am. Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archie, will stand at the stable of John C. Goode, near Taylor's Ferry, Mecklenburg, Va., at $75. [J 21

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma, by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Race Course, L. I., at $50, and $1 to the groom. [J 21

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at the stable of P. E. Todhunter, near Lexington, Ky., at $100. First rate *blue grass* pasturage gratis. [J 28

VALENTINE, *Imported*, by Magistrate, out of Miss Forester, by Diamond, will stand at the stable of the late Bela Badger, Bristol, Bucks Co., 19 miles fm. Phila. at $50—$75. [m11

VOLCANO, by Stockholder, dam Forest Maid, by Ratray, will stand at Sulphur Rock and Batesville, Ark., the next season, at $25 and $40. [F4] T. T. Tunstall.

WATERLOO, by Eclipse, out of Miss Waterloo, by Hickory, will stand at New Liberty, Owen Co., Ky., at $25; a class of 5 mares at $100. [F18.

ZOHRAB, b. h. by Imp. Arab. Bagdad, dam by Imp. Boaster—owner, F. H. Davis, Esq.—will stand at Plaquemine, La., at $20. [m11

☞ *Advertisements like the above will be inserted during the season for* $3.

SPORTING EPISTLE FROM GEORGIA.

Columbus, 11th March, 1837.

I observe the races over the Western Course, Columbus, are advertised to come off on the 1st or 2d Tuesday in April. This is a mistake, and you will oblige me by saying that they will come off on the 1st Tuesday in May. We hear a Colt Sweepstakes, Mile heats, $200 entrance, half forfeit, and five entered, is to come off the day before the regular meeting.

F. B. Howard, Esq. has become the entire owner of *Miss Medley*. She is now here, and promises to do something more in the coming campaign, than she did in her match with *Hickory John*. It would afford me great pleasure to accept of your invitation to be present at your meeting on Long Island, and would be much pleased to have Miss Medley there to afford some additional sport, if, by the bye, she should be able to contend respectably with the cracks of the North. But the distance is so great, and my engagements such as to forbid it. I do not, however, despair of being some time able to visit your turf.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't, ——.

P. S. I am sorry to see that *Henry* is dead—the racing world has suffered much by his loss. Messrs. Kenan & Howard have re-sold to Col. W. R. Johnson the half of *Andrew*, at $5000, and he has gone to Virginia.

In your List of Winners of Four mile heats, one of Miss Medley's races was omitted, (I know from our Secretary not having furnished an account of it,) having beat *Turnbull*, by Phenomenon, and *Queen Ann*, by John Richards, in 8:16—8:08. No contest.

MR. CLAY'S IMPORTATION.

Lexington, (Ky.,) March 12, 1837.

Dear Sir,—Your correspondent "Hersey" has fallen into several unintentional errors in regard to the mares Goldwire and Heads-or-Tails. These mares were purchased in England, in 1836, by Henry Clay, jr., Esq.

Goldwire, bred by Lord Egremont in 1823, was got by Whalebone, her dam Young Amazon, by Gohanna, out of Amazon, by Driver—Fractious, by Mercury—Woodpecker—Everlasting, &c.

She is half sister to Sharper, by Octavius, who won the race near St. Petersburgh in 1825, of 49¼ English miles.—For Goldwire, see General Stud Book, vol. iii., p. 151, and vol. iiii., p. 132.

Heads-or-Tails, bred by Sir G. Pigot in 1831, was got by Lottery, her dam Active, by Partisan, out of the celebrated Eleanor, by Whiskey—Young Giantess, by Diomed—Giantess, by Matchem, &c.

Eleanor, the only mare that ever won the Derby and the Oaks, was full sister to Cressida, the dam of Priam.—For Heads-or-Tails, see General Stud Book, vol. iiii., p. 2.

Goldwire is in foal to Langar, sire of Elis, as stated by "Hersey;" but Heads-or-Tails was not stinted to Corsair.—She is in foal to Cain, at Hampton Court.

These animals have arrived in Kentucky as sound as when they left England.

Yours, &c., Grafton.

Silver Plate--Sweepstakes for Two Year Olds.

We, the Subscribers, jointly and separately, agree to pay an equal proportion of Five Hundred Dollars to Gen. Harrison, President of the Hamilton County Agricultural Society, by him to be appropriated to the purchase of handsome and suitable Silver Plate, to be awarded to the first two year old in one mile heats, to be run at Carthage, under the direction of the Agricultural Society, at their Fall meeting in 1837; to close and name on or before the 10th of April next. Each party has the right to nominate two colts, from which one is to be selected at the post. Colts to carry 75lbs., fillies 72lbs. Sept. 1835.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. N. Sanders enters Demoida, by Collier.
Also Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.

Wm. O. Clarkson, Manoah Clarkson, J. Medarie, Peter McNickol, Geo. F. Keene, T. J. Riddell, Holley & Barwise, Andrew Smalley, and Jefferson Scott, not nominated.

P. S. Entries to be made with Gen. Harrison; description of colts, sire, dam, &c., will be required, on or before the 10th April, 1837. [mh 25.]

A STUD FOR SALE.

No. 1. *Equa*, (now dead), ch. m. foaled 1815, bred by the late Isaac Duckett. She was got by Imp. Chance, her dam a roan mare by Republican President, (son of Cragg's Highflyer, out of a thorough bred Venetian mare, which was also the dam of the famous running horse, Duckett's Financier)—grandam by Dr Hamilton's Imp. Ranger, (son of Regulus, who was by the Godolphin Arabian)—g. grandam by Lindsey's Arabian, g. g. grandam Dr. Hamilton's mare Thistle, (full sister to Primrose), by Dr. Hamilton's Imp. Dove.—g. g. g. grandam Stella, by Othello (son of Crab), g. g. g. g. grandam Tasker's Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian.

The full pedigree of Equa as above, is taken from, and verified by the manuscript pedigrees left by the late Dr. P. Thornton, of Isaac Duckett's mares. These papers are now in the possession of Thomas Peter, Esq. of Georgetown.

(Signed) T. P. ANDREWS.
Washington, Oct. 10, 1832. THOMAS PETER.

HER PRODUCE.

No. 2.—1825—gr. f. Pandora II., by Gov. Wright's Silverheels. Stinted to Imp. Tranby. Price $600.
No. 3.—1828—b. f. Algerina, by Jones' Arabian. Stinted to Imp. Apparition. Price $350.
No. 4.—1830—b. f. Lubly Rosa, by Sir Archy, [vide Am. Turf Register, vol. 5, page 203, and vol. 6, page 252]. Stinted to Maryland Eclipse. Price $1000.
No. 5.—1834—b. c. Eastern Shore, by Imp. Luzborough. Price $1000.

Produce of Pandora II.

No. 6.—1830—gr. f. Lady Archiana, by Sir Archy. [Vide Am. Turf Register, vol. 6, page 146, 156, and 253; vol. 7, page 182 and 189; vol. 8, page 186.] Price $1000.
No. 7.—1833—gr. f. Blanche of Devon, by Mons. Tonson. Stinted to Flying Childers. Price $500.
No. 8.—1836—b. c. Oro (dead), by Maryland Eclipse.

Produce of Algerina.

No. 9.—1833—gr. f. Molinera, by Johnson & Craig's Medley. [Vide Racing Calendar for 1836]. Price $400.
No. 10.—1835—ch. c. Luminare, by Maryland Eclipse. Price $350.

Produce of Lubly Rosa.

No. 11.—1836—b. f. Parisina, by Imp. Tranby. Price $400.
No. 12.—1817—Selima, (bred by the late Gov. Wright, and now the property of T. R. S. Boyce), was got by Topgallant (by Diomed), dam John Bull (bred by Col. Lyles), got by Gabriel, the sire of Post Boy, Oscar and Harlequin, noted runners; her dam was Active, who was got by Chatham, out of Shepherdess, who was got by Eden's Imp. horse Slim, out of Shrewsbury, (the property of Dr. Hamilton) by Imp. Old Figure, g. g. grandam was Thistle, by Mr. Hamilton's Imp. Dove. She was out of Stella, who was got by Imp. Othello, out of Selima, who was imported by Col. Tasker, and got by the Godolphin Arabian.

Certificate of Col. Lyles, the breeder of John Bull.—"Gov. Wright's Selima is the best bred mare in America." (Signed) R. WRIGHT.

I have seen the above pedigree of Selima, now in the possession of P. Wallis, which is in the hand writing of the late Gov. Wright.

(Signed) J. S. SKINNER, Editor Turf Register.

Produce of Selima.

No. 13.—1829—May Dacre, by Imp. Valentine, (owned by W. H. De Courcey, Esq.
No. 14.—1832—b. c. Corsica, by John Richards. Price $750.

Produce of Mary Dacre.

No. 15.—1833—b. f. Medora, by John Richards. Price $400.
No. 16.—1834—b. f. Helen Stanley, by Maryland Eclipse. Price $350.
No. 17.—1835—ch. f. Betsey Wye, by Maryland Eclipse. Price $150.

Nos. 5, 6, 9, 14, 15 and 16 are all in training. Eastern Shore (5) is in a sweepstakes of 64 subscribers, at the Central Course, this Spring, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Parisina (11) is in a produce sweepstakes of 20 subs. at Washington, for the Spring of 1839; entrance $1000, forfeit $200.

The undersigned being unable to give his personal attention to either his stud or a training stable, will dispose of any of the above, at the prices affixed to their names, or will sell the whole of his stud, being thirteen in number, including four mares, which he will warrant to be in foal, or deduct the amount of their insurance money, for $5000—a greater bargain than has ever been offered in this country, where the Stock has been pure and "untainted" in pedigree—fashionable in the crosses—of good size and in fine condition. Apply to

March 22, 1837. [mh 25] PHILIP WALLIS, Baltimore, Md.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

In consequence of the death of Mr. J. Sleeper, the following Thorough Bred Horses are offered for sale; the present owner having no use for them, is determined to sell them at very reduced prices, viz.:—

No. 1—*Norna*, b. m., 15 years old, by Director, (he full brother to Virginian), her dam, Lady Tolman, who was the dam of Kate Kearney and Sussex, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $300.
No. 2—Chesnut mare, by Sir Arthur, (he by Sir Archy, out of Green's old Celar mare) her dam Sally Nailor, by Imp. Wonder, out of Primrose; she by the noted Damon, (he by Imp. Fearnought,) her grandam by Jolly Roger, her g. grandam by Imp. Partner. Price $200.
No. 3—Chesnut horse, foaled 1831, out of No. 1, by Monsieur Tonson. Price $300.
No. 4—Bay mare, foaled 1832, out of No. 1, by Gohanna. Price $700.
No. 5—Chesnut mare, out of No. 2, foaled 1829, by Md. Eclipse, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.
No. 6—Chesnut colt, foaled 1835, out of No. 2, by Sussex. Price $500.
No. 7—Brown mare, foaled 1831, by Mons. Tonson, out of Elizabeth, by Sir Alfred, out of the dam of Sally Honet, and now in foal by Flying Childers. Price $500.
No. 8—Bay horse, foaled 1832, out of the dam of No. 7, by Timoleon. Price $700.
No. 9—Chesnut colt, foaled 1833, by Sussex, dam by Florizel, he by Diomed, her dam by Imp. Dare Devil, grandam by old Shark, g. grandam by Apollo, out of Imp. mare Jenny Cameron. Price $200.
No. 10—Chesnut mare, foaled 1833, by Sussex, her dam by Gov. Spriggs' Northampton, out of the celebrated Columbia, who was by Col. Tayloe's Oscar, out of Selima. Northampton and Columbia were half brother and sister by the side of their common ancestor, old Oscar, by Gabriel. Price $400.
No. 11—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Byron, out of Iris, who was out of Beane's celebrated mare Miria, who was by Punch, &c. Price $300.
No. 12—Bay horse, foaled 1832, by Apparition, out of Jessie, by Telegraph, &c. Price $300.
No. 13—Chesnut horse, foaled 1829, by Ratler, his dam out of Lady Bumbany, (who was imported by John Randolph), by Gracchus. Price $400.
No. 14—Chesnut colt, out of the dam of No. 10, by Young Fagdown, he by Old Fagdown. Price $100.

Any person wishing to purchase will please address (post paid)
Baltimore, Md., March 6, 1837. [mh 18-tf.] W. H. STEWART.

BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

Thomas Pearsall, of Montrose, Hempstead Harbor, Queen's County, Long Island, offers for sale his entire stock of Thorough Bred Horses.

No. 1.—*Sportsmistress*, gr. m., bred by Gen. Coles, of Dosoris, L. I., foaled 1818, got by Old Hickory, by Imp. Whip; her dam Miller's Damsel, (by Imp. Messenger,) the dam of American Eclipse, &c.
No. 2.—*Gulnare*, gr. m., bred by Gen. Coles, foaled 1824, by Duroc, sire of Am. Eclipse; dam Sportsmistress.
No. 3.—*The Jewess*, gr. m., foaled 1831, by Henry, dam Gulnare.

Stallions.

No. 4.—*Talma*, gr. h. 16 hands high, foaled 1827, by Henry, dam Sportsmistress, which makes him full brother to Alice Grey, who beat, with all ease, Black Maria, over the Union Course, in 7:56—7:50. She was the best get of Henry.
No. 5.—*Bravo*, b. h., 16 hands high, foaled 1829, by Henry, dam Gulnare, by Duroc.

In Training

No. 6.—G. c., 16 hands high, foaled 1833, got by Henry, out of Sportsmistress. He is a full brother to Alice Grey, and promises to make a race horse.
No. 7.—Ch. c., 15¼ hands high, foaled 1833, bred by John N. Lloyd, Esq., of Lloyd's Neck, L. I., (the breeder of Post Boy, Tarquin, and Robin Hood,) was got by Talma, out of Dove, by Duroc. She is full sister to Cock of the Rock, and Young Romp; he is very promising.
No. 8.—G. c., foaled 1834, got by the race horse Flying Childers, he by Sir Archie, out of Gulnare, by Duroc. This colt is engaged in a stake over the Union Course, First Spring meeting, 18 subs., and First Fall meeting, 11 subs
No. 9.—Ch. c., foaled 1836, by Gohanna, out of Gulnare. He is engaged in a stake to be run over the Kendall Course, Spring of 1839. $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit.

If the above horses are not sold at private sale, they will be sold at auction, during the last Spring meeting at the Union Course, L. I., of which due notice will be given. For information, apply to John Watson, Tattersalls, N. Y., or the subscriber. T. PEARSALL.

SPLENDID STAKES IN TENNESSEE,

To be run over the Gallatin (Tenn.) Course.—A Stake for the foals of 1837, to be run the Fall of 1840, Two mile heats, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, to close on the 1st of June, 1837. To this splendid stake there are now nine subscribers. In this stake neither Luzborough, O'Kelly, Autocrat, Pacific, Telegraph, Jefferson, Wild Bill, Anvil, or Margrave have any representatives. We think the produce of either of these horses is worthy of entering in the Derby or St. Leger stakes, or any other stakes. Would not the entry of one of their colts by the owner, be a stronger recommendation to the public than voluminous publications in the newspapers. Any owner making an entry shall have an honorable mention made of it in the public prints. Kentucky has run rough shod over Tennessee; we would like to see her carry the war into Africa.

Also a Stake for the foals of 1835, to be run the Fall of 1839, Two mile heats, $100 entrance, h. ft. To this there are 12 subs. To close 1st of March, 1838.

Besides these, I have been requested to propose a Stake for the foals of 1837, to be run the Fall of 1840, Two mile heats, $300 entrance, $100 forfeit.

And another to be run the Fall of 1837, by 2 year olds, Mile heats, $100 entrance, p. p.

Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 22, 1837. [mh 11] THOMAS BARRY, Secretary.

KENDALL COURSE, SPRING, 1837.

The following are the entries to the Sweepstakes, to be run over this Course, Spring meeting, (2d Tuesday in May), 1837, Mile heats, $300 entrance, $100 forfeit. Closed 1st March.

1. Jas. B. Kendall names br. c. Henry A. Wise, by Dashall, out of the dam of Robin Hood.
2. Jacob Dixon names b. c. by Marylander, out of the dam of Experiment, by Ratler.
3. Col. W. R. Johnson names b. f. by Nullifier, out of Jemima, (W. Livingston's).
4. Col. John Heth names ch. f. by Eclipse out of Screamer.
5. Col. F. Thompson names f. Omega, by Timoleon, dam Dazie Cropper.
6. O. P. Hare names ch. f. by Sir Charles, dam Polly Cobbs.

A Sweepstakes to be run over the Kendall Course, Spring meeting, 1837, Mile heats, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit; free only for nags then three years old, bred or owned in Maryland, and as far South as the Rappahannock; three or more to make a race; to name and close 1st May next. [mh 18-4t.] JAS. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

THE THOROUGH BRED IMPORTED HORSE DAGHEE

Will stand the present season (beginning on the 20th of March and ending on the 15th of July) at the stable of Jeromus Snediker, near the Union Race Course, Long Island, where he will serve mares at $40 the season, to be paid when the mare is withdrawn, and $1 to the groom, in all cases. Mares will be insured at $60 each, to be paid when she is ascertained to be in foal, but the insurance to be forfeited if parted with before it is ascertained she is in foal—or if a mare insured does not regularly attend the horse, mares will be considered as put by the season, unless a written order for insurance accompany her.

Daghee is a splendid horse—his blood is very pure, and is not surpassed by that of any horse. The terms for his services (being the same with those at which he stood last season) are comparatively low, but from no considerations of inferiority to any horse on the Continent, either as to Racing Form or Blood, but from the fact that his colts are yearlings, and his reputation as a Stallion is yet to be established by their success on the Turf. Mares will be fed with grain, or pastured on the usual terms, and every attention paid to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability assumed for either. For a more particular description of Daghee, see American Turf Register, Nov. 5, No. 5, page 226, for 1834; as also the bills of the day. He is well worth an examination by those who take pleasure in seeing fine horses.

Pedigree.—DAGHEE was bred by Com. Sir Robert Barrie, at Swarthdale, in Lancashire, and foaled in 1829. He was got by Muley, the sire of Leviathan, (now in Tennessee), of Margrave, winner of the St. Leger in 1832, and many other horses of note. His dam, Fatima, bred also by Com. Sir Robert Barrie, was got by the celebrated Bay Nedjd Arabian Sheik, out of Maria, bred by the late Duke of Hamilton, at Ashton Hall, in Lancashire. The Duke of Hamilton's Maria, (see English General Stud Book, edition of 1822, vol. 2, page 186), was got by Orville, her dam Lady Jane, also bred by the Duke of Hamilton in 1806, was got by the famous Hambletonian, her dam, Bay Javelin, (also bred by the Duke,) by Javelin, out of Young Flora, own sister to Spadille, by Highflyer—Javelin, Young Flora, (sister to Spadille,) and Spadille, were likewise bred by the Duke of Hamilton, and may with propriety be styled his family of horses. The Duke of Hamilton was "celebrated for stout blood; he won the St. Leger no less than seven times, a circumstance quite unparalleled on the turf, and ran first for it the eighth, but the stakes were given to Lord Fitzwilliam, his Grace's rider having jostled." Young Flora was out of Flora, by Squirrel, her dam, Angelica, by Snap—Regulus—Bartlett's Childers—Honeywood's Arabian—Dam of the two True Blue's. Muley (sire of Daghee) is, perhaps, the best son of Orville, and out of Sir T. Charles Bunbury's famous mare Eleanor, by Whiskey.

[Mh 11-4t.] EDWARD C. MAYO.

DOGS FOR SALE.

A PAIR OF YOUNG COCKER SPANIELS FOR SALE. Enquire at the bar of Franklin Coffee House, 86 Maiden Lane. [m4 11-3t.]

PLAQUEMINE (La.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

First Day, Wednesday, April 5, 1837.—Mile heats, Jockey Club Purse $200, entrance $20, free for horses foaled and raised in the State, and for such as are brought into the State within the age of 18 months, and are subsequently raised and owned in the State.

Second Day, Thursday—Three mile heats, Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $50, free for any horse in the United States.

Third Day—Two mile heats, Jockey Club Purse $300, ent. $30, free for any horse in the United States.

Fourth Day—Four mile heats, Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $80, free for any horse in the United States.

Fifth Day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5—Purse, the entrance money of the preceding days; ent. 10 per cent on the amount of the purse. Free for any horse in the United States.

On Tuesday, March 28, 1837, a Match race, Two mile heats, $2000 a-side, h. ft.—Mr. Pregus Duplantier's b. h. John Beasley, 6 yrs. by Mercury, dam Full Sister to Stockholder, 100lbs., against Mr. Thomas Picket's b. g. Plato, aged, by Bertrand, dam by ——, 108lbs.

On Wednesday, March 29, 1837—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, foaled Spring of 1834, to come off on the Wednesday preceding the Spring meeting of 1837; Mile heats, entrance $100, h. ft. Weight, 65lbs. Twelve subscribers and closed.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. James E. Robertson enters ch. c. Peruvian, by Candidate, dam by Mercury.
2. Moses Brown enters b. f. by Candidate, dam by ——.
3. Richard Riames enters ch. c. Louisianian, by Boaster, dam by ——.
4. Fred. H. Davis enters b. f. Mira, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder.
5. J. J. Burk (F. H. Davis) enters ro. f. by Boaster, dam by Young Dragon.
6. Robert Bell enters ch. c. by Boaster, dam by Eagle.
7. Fergus Duplantier enters b. f. by Candidate, dam by Pacolet.
8. Michael Schlater enters b. f. by Candidate, dam by ——.
9. R. P. Bowie enters ch. f. by Kochiani, dam an Osage mare.
10. W. B. Robertson & T. Orillion enters b. f. by Boaster, dam by Whip.
11. B. Dupuy enters ch. f. by Candidate dam by Pacolet.
12. Augustin Duplantier enters br. c. by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archy.
13. D. Heath enters (L. F. Hudron's) ro. c. by Boaster, dam by ——.

The Plaquemine track is situated immediately upon the Mississippi, one hundred miles above New Orleans—is one mile six feet in length, and is admirably adapted for making uniform good time, in all weathers. The proprietor has spared no expense to put it in the best order for running, and it is, probably, in reference to its general good condition, second to no track in the Union.

As the races on this track come off immediately after those at New Orleans, it is presumed they will be very well attended, and that the owners of the several stables from Natchez, Alexandria, St. Francisville, and New Orleans, will not fail to visit Plaquemine.

Plaquemine, La., Feb. 12, 1837. [mh 11-3t.] FRED. H. DAVIS, Secretary.

NATIONAL JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Over the Washington Course, D. C., Spring meeting, 1837, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d May, and continue four days.

First Day—First Race.—Post Stake, Three mile heats, $500 entrance, $200 forfeit, for 4 year olds, Spring, 1837; to close 10th April.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. Wm. R. Johnson
2. Col. James M. Selden
3. Capt. John Heth
4. James S. Garrison.

Second Race—A Sweepstakes, Mile heats, $200 entrance, $100 forfeit, for 3 year old colts and fillies, Spring, 1837; five subs. and closed.

Francis Thompson enters the get of Timoleon, out of Daisy Cropper.
T. R. S. Boyce enters b f by Imp. Apparition, dam by Tuckahoe.
Gibson Mallory enters James C. Corbin's Eclipse colt.
James S. Garrison enters ch c by Sir Charles, dam Eliza White, by Sir Archie.
Geo. L. Stockett enters gr c by Medley, dam by Richmond.

Second Day—First Race—A Sweepstake race, $500 entrance, $150 forfeit, Mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old, Spring, 1837; six subs. and closed.

W. J. Stratton enters bl c by Mercury, dam by Florizel.
John E. Dorsey enters b f by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles.
T. R. S. Boyce names ba c by Imp. Apparition, dam by Diomed.
John Heth names gr f Gift, by Grey Beard, dam by Sir Charles.
James S. Garrison enters bl c Scipio, by Zinganee, dam Corinna, by Sir Archie.
Mr. Booker enters b c by Zinganee.

Second Race—Washington Plate, value $500, Two mile heats, the winner to take the plate or money at his option; subscription depending on the number of subs.

Third Day—First Race.—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats, $20 ent

Second Race.—A Sweepstakes, now open, for 3 year old colts and fillies, Spring, 1837, Mile heats, entrance $100, forfeit $50, confined to the District of Columbia and Maryland bred colts; to name and close 15th April; three or more to make a race.

Fourth Day—National Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats, $30 ent.

☞ Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the Post Stake at Washington City and the Sweepstakes at Maryland and District of Columbia bred colts, will, in my absence, address Mr. John Forde, Jr., Norfolk, Va., with their entries. JAS. S. GARRISON, Proprietor.

The Norfolk and Portsmouth Jockey Club Races, Spring, 1837, will commence on Tuesday, 6th June, and continue four days. Particulars given hereafter. [F11-6t]

☞ The Editors of the Globe and National Intelligencer, Washington, are requested to give the above two weeks' insertion, from the 20th of Feb. and also from the 25th March until the day of the races, twice a-week, and charge it to account of J. S. G.

STUD OF BROOD MARES, COLTS, FILLIES, &c.

THE PROPERTY OF Mr. ALLEN,
Breeder of Rowton, Rockingham, The Cardinal, Wyndham, &c.
At the Lodge Farm, Malton, Yorkshire, England.

January 21st, 1837.

Mares in foal to Belshazzar.

No. 1. Alice, chesnut, 5 yrs. old, by Langar (the sire of Elis, &c.), dam Miss Crachami, by Magistrate—grandam (the dam of Oiseau the sire of Rowton), by Ruler—Tre creeper, &c. &c.
No. 2. Brown Mare, aged, by Capsicum, (a son of Old Sir Peter, out of Orville's dam), dam Acklam Lass, by Prime Minister, &c.
No. 3. Ellen, bay, 6 years old, by Starch, dam Cuirass, by Oiseau—Castanea by Gohannah—Grey Skim by Woodpecker.
No. 4. Jenny Sutton, chesnut, aged, by Soothsayer, out of John of Paris' dam, by Buzzard—Rose by Sweetbrier, &c.
No. 5. Lady Jersey, bay, 7 years old, by Theodore, (a son of Woful, out of Blacklock's dam), dam by Haphazard, grandam by Stamford—Alexina by King Fergus—Lardella by Y. Marske.
No. 6. Lady Newton, chesnut, 11 years old, by Oiseau, dam No. 5, (Lady Jersey's dam).
No. 7. Madame Palerine, bay, 5 years old, by Velocipede, dam No. 10 (Baleine).
No. 8. Peter Lely Mare, brown, 9 years old, by Peter Lely, dam Acklam Lass, by Prime Minister, &c.
No. 9. Varia, bay, 9 years old, by Lottery or Arbutus, dam by Blacklock, grandam (the dam of Jenny Mills, Lady le Gros, Hornsea, &c.) by Cerberus—Miss Cranfield, &c.

Barren Mares intended to be put early with the above **to Belshazzar.**

No. 10. Baleine, bay, aged, by Whalebone, dam Vale Royal, by Sorcerer—Orangeade by Whisker—Orangebud by Highflyer.
No. 11. Bay Mare, 11 years old, by Catton, dam (Tourist and Rifleman's dam)—her dam Anticipation—Expectation, &c.
No. 12. Bay Mare, 4 years old, by Duncan Grey, dam by Macbeth, (The Poet's dam)—Margaret by Hambletonian—Rosamond (the dam of Barefoot).
No. 13. Bay Mare, 10 years old, by Roller, dam Kitten, by Waxy Pope—Master Bagot—Sister to Juniper by Snap.
No. 14. Bay Mare, 4 years old, by St. Nicholas, out of (No. 2) Capsicum Mare.
No. 15. Nerissa, bay, aged, by Woful, dam Miss Hap, by Shuttle, grandam (Sir Joshua's dam, the sister to Haphazard, by Sir Peter)
No. 16. Young Medora, bay, 5 years old, by Prince, (a son of Hollyhock, out of Sister to Pythoness, by Sorcerer,)—dam Fib, by Bobadil—grandam Medora, (the dam of Rockingham, The Cardinal, &c.) g. grandam Sister to Prunella, (the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, Woful, Waterloo, &c.)

Mares in Training, &c.

No. 17. Promise, bay, 4 years old, by Mulatto, dam Rowton's Sister, by Oiseau. (This mare will be put to Belshazzar in March.)
No. 18. Wm. Jenkins, bay, 3 years old, by Humphrey Clinker, (the sire of Rockingham, Bran, Famine, &c.), dam Varia (No. 9).
No. 19. Vanquish, bay, 4 years old, by Victory (by Waterloo), dam Varia (No. 9).

Two Years Old, (not intended to be trained this year).

No. 20. Rozelle, chesnut, by Humphrey Clinker, dam Varia (No. 9).
No. 21. Bay Filly, by Humphrey Clinker, dam Capsicum Mare (No. 2).
No. 22. Bay Colt, by Humphrey Clinker, dam Nerissa (No. 15).
No. 23. Bay Filly, by Clinker, (son of Humphrey Clinker, out of Rowton's Sister), dam by Wanton, &c.

Yearlings.

No. 24. Bay Colt, by Tramp, dam Elleh (No. 3).
No. 25. Bay or Br. Colt, by The Saddler or Tramp, dam Nerissa (No. 15).
No. 26. Bay Colt, by Clinker, dam Young Medora (No. 16).
No. 27. Bay Colt, by The Saddler, dam by Young Phantom, grandam Lady Newton (No. 5).
No. 28 Bay Filly, by Clinker, dam Varia (No. 9).
No. 29. Bay Filly, by Clinker, dam Capsicum Mare (No. 2).
No. 30. Bay Filly, by Mulatto, dam Alice